LOOKING FORWARD

IT IS becoming increasingly clear that politics in this country is in reality a matter of sections, not of parties; of beliefs which cut across party lines, not of labels which include all under one banner for the brief period of a campaign. Obviously up to the present there has been no such thing as a Wet or Dry party, or a Liberal or Conservative party. This, despite the fact that human rights against property rights is one of the oldest divisions of human opinion; and that prohibition drives deeper than any issue since the Civil War.

THE latest political news reinforces this observation. Major Curran of the Association Against the Eighteenth Amendment, announces the gain of 29 members in the House of Representatives, with twenty-three primaries and state conventions yet to come. No doubt exists in the mind of the ordinary man over the intentions of these Representatives. They are for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Yet to what political party do they belong?

AT THE same time, Senator Tydings of Maryland announces his belief that several Republican Senators' seats will be taken by Democrats. In all there are thirty-five contests. Well, supposing the present Republican total of fifty-six is changed into a Democratic total of forty-nine. What does it signify? Has any one the faintest idea of any social legislation which the forty-nine would propose, which the fifty-six haven't? Political parties are born of stress and impassioned belief. Like men, they outlive their usefulness and die. Is it possible, as many observers declare, that our present parties are approaching their appointed span?

IN VIEW of the facts set forth in 'Dollars for Votes," the article which leads this issue, it is certainly incumbent upon us to reflect to what purpose, beyond that of personal ambition, such huge sums are being spent for primaries and elections, as have been recently disclosed. Is politics actually becoming merely a rich man's game, with definite political beliefs a poor second?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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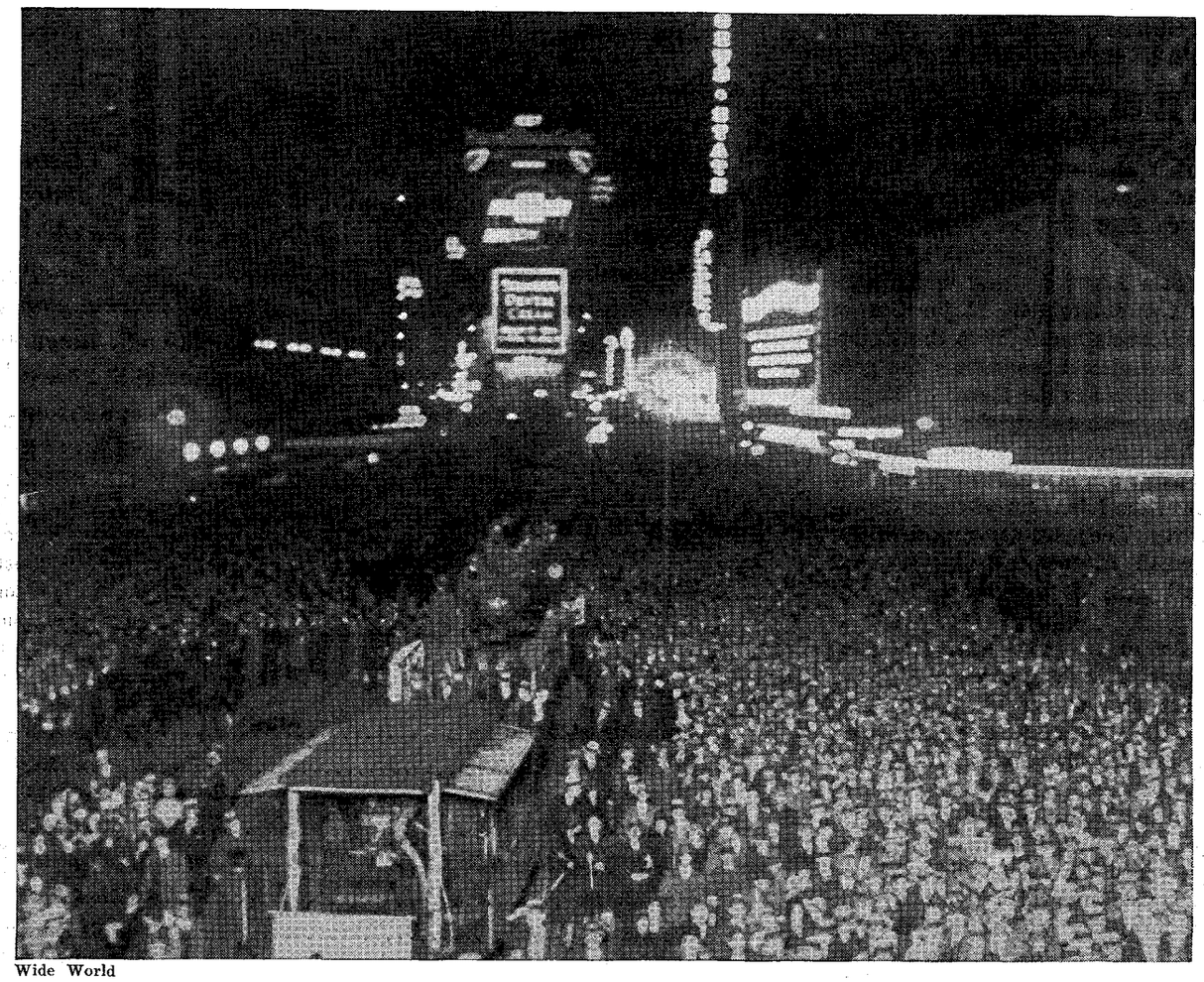

Wide World

WATCHING THE ELECTION RETURNS, TIMES SQUARE
Our political problems have grown with our population

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 27, 1930

Dollars for Votes

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Recent investigations by Senate committees of campaign "slush funds" have so far proved only one thing. To run a senatorial campaign in any of our larger states nowadays requires an effort comparable to that put forward by a big commercial company in a national sales campaign. A candidate may cost as much to advertise as a safety razor. The result is a mighty increase in the power of money in our political life and a resultant new problem in democracy. What shall be done about it?

WHAT is the Republican nomination for a seat in the United States Senate worth? The market price fluctuates, depending upon the pocket book of the candidate, the sweep of his ambition, the population of the state, the degree of popular interest in the aspirants and the current issues, and the closeness of the contest. The Senate slush fund investigation has revealed this year's market price in two states, Illinois and Pennsylvania. Ruth Hanna McCormick spent over $250,000 of her own money in landing the Republican nomination for the senatorship in Illinois, and Joseph R. Grundy, arch priest of protection, expended $291,000 out of his own pocket in the unsuccessful fight to land the senatorial nomination in Pennsylvania. Though his victorious opponent, James J. Davis, paid out only a little over $10,000 of his own, the Davis-Brown ticket spent in all $362,547, and toward this a single individual, Walter I. Bonitz, a former head of the Brick Manufacturers Association of the United States, contributed $96,547. As the senatorial committee proceeds to delve into the primary campaigns elsewhere, it will no doubt find that many another candidate has spent money with a lavish hand.

Though not at all surprising to the initiated, the facts brought out by the Frye committee emphasize anew the power of money in American politics. Nor is this all. For they make us ask whether the American people are not themselves responsible for these very conditions. Primaries and elections are essentially part of the process of government, yet the state refuses to take over these expenses as one of its legitimate responsibilities. To finance their campaigns, the candidates for public office must shift for themselves. The direct primary, a comparative newcomer in our political machinery, woman suffrage, and the rapid growth in our population have made even a senatorial contest a gigantic duel. Only giants can engage in the contest. In such states as Pennsylvania and Illinois a try for the senatorship is virtually confined to two kinds of candidates; first, those of great personal fortunes, like Ruth McCormick, or second, those who, like James J. Davis, have outside financial backing.

Designed to make the course of public affairs more responsive to the will of the people, the direct primary has had an effect upon practical politics which its sponsors could hardly have envisaged. It has mightily increased the power of money. A candidate for public office must not only finance the election campaign proper, but also a primary campaign, often by far the more expensive of the two. Those already in public life must pay the piper as well as those ambitious to topple a sitting Congressman or Senator from his seat. After spending a quarter of a million dollars for the privilege of standing as the Republican candidate for the Senate from Illinois, Ruth McCormick must likewise finance the campaign this fall in which she will match her strength against that of her Democratic opponent. She must once again set the machinery in motion to reach the 3,000,000 voters scattered over 102 counties, with whom the final decision rests.

Except to pass rather innocuous legislation against corrupt practices and legislation compelling publicity of campaign contributions, the state has virtually washed its hands of any responsibility in the matter. Campaign expenses have soared skyward at the same time that the American people, through the direct primary, are supposed to be exercising a more effective control over their elected representatives. The direct primary has thus failed to accomplish one of its major purposes. It costs now so much to run for public office that only a few can make the race. Democracy has narrowed, not broadened its base.

As close a student of government as John Stuart Mill, who was familiar with the baneful influence of money in British electioneering, long ago pointed out that it was the duty of the state to pay the costs of elections. In his autobiography he wrote:

"Such of the lawful expenses of an election as have no special reference to any particular candidate ought to be borne as a public charge, either by the state, or locality . . . That the expenses, or any part of it, should fall on the candidate, is fundamentally wrong; because it amounts in reality to buying his seat. Even in the most favorable supposition as to the mode in which the money is expended, there is a legitimate suspicion

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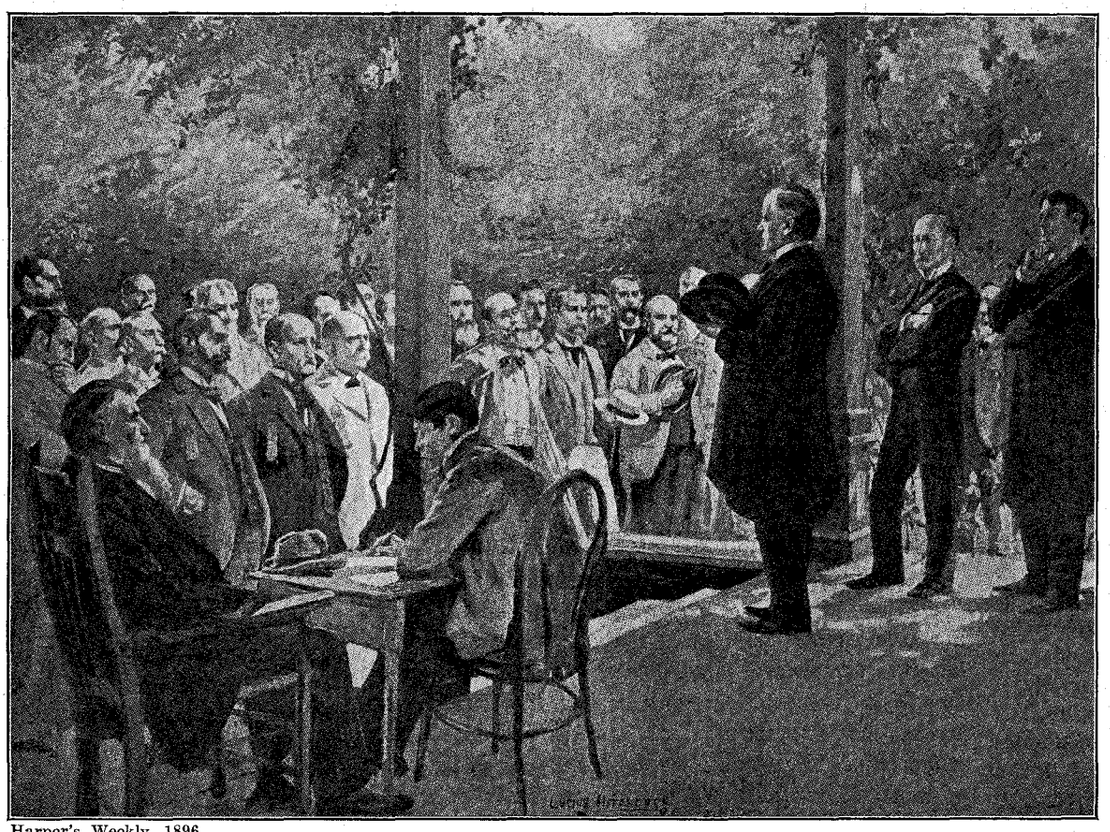

Harper's Weekly, 1896

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF RADIO
President McKinley speaking from the porch of his home in Canton, Ohio

that any one who gives money for leave to undertake a public trust must have other than public ends to promote by it; and (a consideration of the greatest importance) the cost of elections, when borne by the candidate, deprives the nation of the services, as members of Parliament, of all who can not or will not afford to incur a heavy expense." What Mill wrote about elections in England of his day, applies equally to senatorial campaigns in twentieth century New York, Massachusetts or New Jersey.

Under the leadership of Governor Shafroth, Colorado in 1909 took an initial step toward the recognition of this principle. Its legislature in that year enacted a law which provided that "the expense of conducting campaigns to elect state, district and county officers at general elections shall be paid only by the state and the candidates." Under this act the state was to give each political party twenty-five cents for every vote cast by it at the last preceding election of its candidate for governor. Candidates and salaried officers could contribute as a maximum not more than forty per cent of the first year's salary. For fee offices, such contributions were restricted to a maximum of twenty-five per cent of the returns in the last calendar year. The Colorado law made it a felony for other individuals or corporations to make contributions to political parties or candidates, and acceptance of such contributions was also a felony. A punishment of two years in jail, or a $500 fine faced violators of the law. It was never, however, really given a trial, for the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. Though no opinion was filed, the chief objection of the court was that the law dealt unequally with the parties, and that it failed to make adequate provision for the entrance of any new party into the political arena. So the law went by the board, really on a quibble. A few changes could easily have been made to meet the objections of the court.

With the analytical eye of a reformer, Theodore Roosevelt called the attention of the American people to the evils of the situation in 1907. In a message to Congress he wrote: "There is a very radical measure which would, I believe, work a substantial improvement in our system of conducting a campaign, although I am well aware that it will take some time for people so to familiarize themselves with such a proposal as to be willing to consider its adoption. The need for collecting large campaign funds would vanish if Congress provided an appropriation for the proper and legitimate expenses of the great national parties, an appropriation ample enough to meet the necessity for thorough organization and machinery which requires large expenditure of money. Then the stipulation should be made that no party receiving campaign funds from the Treasury should accept more than a fixed amount from any individual subscriber or donor and the necessary publicity for receipts and expenditures could without difficulty be provided."

That the Government should take over the expenses of elections was also urged by William G. McAdoo, former secretary of the Treasury and Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1912. No one could appreciate better than McAdoo the strain and difficulty of making the financing of national campaign depend upon gifts from individual contributors. "There is no menace that is greater today than the corrupt and improper use of money in elections" he said in a speech in 1920. "When men contribute great funds to nominate a man for president, they do not do it unselfishly. These men who put up vast sums of money, Republicans and Democrats alike, all seek the return of their candidate and many of them seek to have favors returned from their candidate after they have been elected. I can tell you from my experience in the Treasury Department that if there were a change of a fraction of a cent on the duty imposed on certain articles, the men who contribute this money to the campaign funds of a candidate who was successful, might take back ten or fifty or one thousand times the amount they contributed. The expenses of the national elections should be paid for out of the United Stat

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Treasury, and it should be made a crime for a man to contribute a dollar to influence an election. Not only would we then be spared the humiliation of begging for funds, but the cost of the campaigns would be reduced to one-fifth of what they are now. If the national Government paid the expenses of the national campaigns, the legitimate objects for which expenditure might be made, politics would be purified enormously."

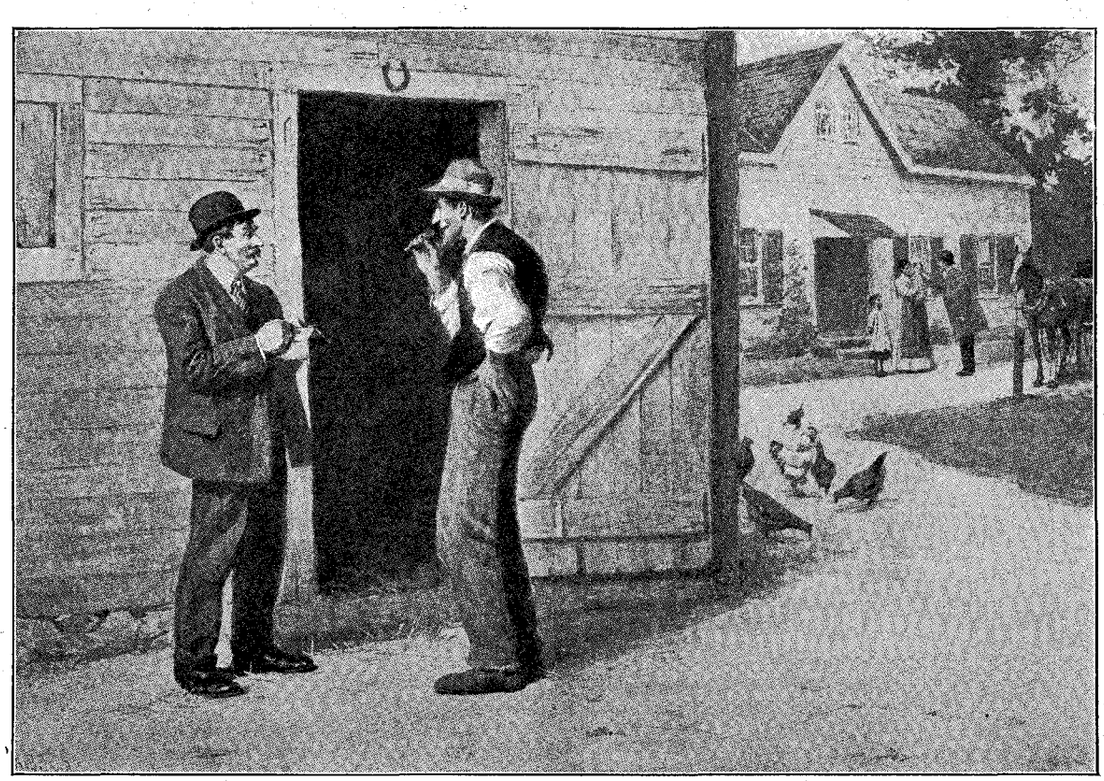
One of the best known students of American government in Congress, Robert Luce of Massachusetts, has come to the same conclusion. "If we accept the theory that candidacy is for public concern," he said, "then legitimate expenses for campaign purposes ought to be paid for out of the public treasury. If I had my way, I would provide that the expenses of candidacy for office should be borne by the whole people."

THE Government even now recognizes its implied responsibility in the election process by assuming certain minor obligations. It prints the ballots, provides polling places, and furnishes officials as guardians of the polls as well. Since 1908, Oregon has issued what are known as candidates' pamphlets. The political parties enjoy the right under the Oregon law of using a certain amount of space in these pamphlets, for campaign material, but the parties themselves contribute fifty dollars per page for printing. All that the state does is to bind and distribute the pamphlets. Though the two major political parties have not always made full use of the space allotted to them, the Oregon law is nevertheless significant as indicating that at least one state has recognized the fact that elections are a public concern. Going further afield, we may note that in England any candidate may send, free of postage, to each registered elector in his constituency, one postal communication containing only matter relating to the election, and not exceeding two ounces in weight. In 1925, in Japan each candidate received the right to send one free letter to each voter in his district. To send out one letter to each one of the 3,000,000 voters in Illinois would cost approximately $120,000, including the cost of stationery and printing, as well as the postage. This serves to illustrate in a practical way, the magnitude of the job which confronts a candidate for the Senate from one of the larger states who wants to reach all its voters.

It is the system, rather than the candidate, that is at fault. The primary has really placed two elections where one existed before. Woman suffrage has doubled the number of potential voters, and our big urban centers are continuing to pile up population. Our election problems today, with our population of 120,000,000, are radically different from those which faced the founders of the Republic, living in a country with but 3,000,000 people.

To run a senatorial campaign in any of the larger states may require an effort comparable to that put forward by a big commercial company in a national sales campaign. A candidate may cost as much to advertise as a safety razor. In Illinois the successful candidate printed among other things 10,000 German letterheads, 3,000 Jugoslav letters, and many Greek sample ballots. The foreign vote is worth having, but to get it is expensive. Other items on the printing list included 1,000,000 windshield stickers, 100,000 eight-page labor pamphlets, 1,000 balloons, and 253,400 campaign cards. The printing bill alone amounted to $25,000, a senator's salary for two and a half years. Postage, mailing and addressing, entertainments, the rental of ballrooms and meeting halls, dinners, etc., all swelled the total. Then, too, there was a colored department to be financed, a foreign language department, field workers, county agents. Big business could have asked no better organization than this, nor one more thoroughly equipped for the purpose on hand. Owner of one of the largest fortunes in America, and with the backing of one of the most wealthy families, Ruth McCormick could afford to pay for this organzation. A candidate less plenteously endowed with this world's goods could not have done the same.

Even before the days of the direct primary, campaign expenditures often ran into high totals. The late E. H. Harriman contributed large sums to Roosevelt's campaign in 1904 and also to the campaign in New York State. It was a



THE PROBLEM OF THE FARMER'S VOTE IN 1907
From a drawing by A. B. Frost in Harper's Weekly

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period when "big business" was assessed pretty regularly. Mark Hanna had systematized a practice under which the Republican National Committee assessed corporations and business men who might stand to lose by legislative action. His method was not only scientific but effective. He built up a system of assessing corporations and individuals according to their means. In the 1896 campaign Hanna, it is estimated, raised in this way at least $3,500,000 for the Republican party, a figure which speaks eloquently of the success of his methods. Back of Hanna's daughter therefore lies a tradition and inheritance of big figures. Within the past generation the war chests of both parties have been swelled by big individual contributions. A few of these may be noted.

Walter A. Bonitz of Pittsburgh, who gave $96,000 to the Brown-Davis campaign fund, has had predecessors aplenty. Big contributions have featured many a national and state campaign. Sometimes the donor is a personal friend of the candidate; sometimes he is interested in the party which has chosen this particular candidate as its standard bearer, and at other times, the purpose of the contribution may be more sinister. In 1916 Cleveland Dodge gave $79,000 to the Democratic national campaign committee, while Bernard L. Baruch and Edward L. Doheny gave $35,000 and $50,000 respectively to the same committee. In 1908 Charles P. Taft contributed $110,000 to the Republican campaign fund, the year his brother was running for the presidency, and in 1912 his contributions amounted to $150,000. Both parties could show a long list of men who have made big contributions to the party chest. Harry Sinclair, the oil magnate, testified before a congressional committee that he had regularly contributed to both parties—obviously on the theory that such double gifts would be to secure favors from the party that wins. Not every aspirant for the Senate has been able or willing to expend $291,000, like Joseph R. Grundy, out of his own pocket. "Angels" have helped pay the campaign bills of many a candidate for public office.

Nor did corruption in campaign expenditures make its advent with the direct primary. It existed in American politics in the days when the state legislatures elected senators. Charges of corruption in the election of William Lorimer, a senator from Illinois, brought about one of the most famous investigations in the history of the Senate, for as a self-contained body, the Senate has the power under the constitution to pass upon the qualifications of its members and also, seemingly as a corollary, upon their honesty. In 1910, when the case was before the public eye, Theodore Roosevelt and Lorimer both received invitations to a dinner at the Hamilton Club in Chicago. With an explosiveness characteristic of the man, Roosevelt announced he would not attend this function if Lorimer were present. Almost overnight Lorimer became the center of public interest. The Illinois senator refused to go to the dinner, giving Roosevelt a clear field, but the revelations of corruption brought out in this case, and the light thrown on the "jackpot" contributed to buy the votes of members of the Illinois legislature, accelerated the movement for the direct election of United States senators. On July 13, 1912, the Senate adopted a resolution declaring "that corrupt methods and practices were employed in his election, and that the election, therefore, was invalid."

In the light of some recent senatorial campaigns, let us go back for a moment to the Newberry case. A former Secretary of the Navy, a man of wealth, and with money in his family, Truman Handy Newberry was elected to the Senate, after an expenditure of some $195,000. The Senate investigation uncovered little if any evidence of real corruption in the use of this money, but it was not able to find out just how much of this money Newberry himself contributed, and under the Michigan law, a candidate was limited as to the amount which he could spend out of his own pocket. Substantially all of the $195,000 spent to elect Newberry came, however, as it appeared, either from himself or from his immediate family. The bulk of the money was used in advertising.

In January 1921, the Senate passed a resolution declaring that Truman H. Newberry had been duly elected a senator from Michigan but it also declared "The expenditure of such excessive sums in behalf of a candidate, either with or without his knowledge or consent, being contrary to sound public policy, was harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government, and such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved." Newberry took his seat, but the issue remained a live one in Michigan, and he very shortly afterwards resigned from the Senate.

In denying a seat to William S. Vare, as a senator from Pennsylvania, the Senate seems to have acted more because it felt there was fraud and corruption in the election than because the successful candidate had spent so much money. This is plain enough from the resolution passed by the Senate on December 9, 1927, turning over Vare's claim to a special Senate committee. It recites that there were "numerous and various instances of fraud and corruption," and that there was spent in his behalf over $785,000. Said the Senate resolution specifically "that the expenditure of such a large sum of money to secure the nomination of the said William S. Vare . . . . prima facie, is contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the dignity and honor of the Senate, dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government, and, together with the charges of corruption and fraud, and the charges of corruption and fraud officially made by the Governor of Pennsylvania, prima facie, taint with fraud and corruption the credentials of the said William S. Vare for a seat in the United States Senate."

If no evidence of fraud and corruption had been uncovered, it is at least a possibility that the Senate would have seated Vare. It is the uses to which the money was put, and not its amount that is the important thing.

CANDIDATES for the British House of Commons spend much more on the average than candidates for Congress or for the governorship of a state. James K. Pollock, Jr., points out in his "Party Campaign Funds" that in the election of 1922, 14,339,932 votes were polled in 595 constituencies for 1,442 candidates contesting for 615 seats in Parliament. These candidates spent about $5,000,000, or an average cost of thirty-five cents a vote. The average individual expenditure of the 1,442 candidates was $3,530.50.

It is probable, Pollock believes, that the average personal expenditure of senators and representatives, and of state governors, would be considerably lower than the average personal expenditures of English candidates for Parliament. In many states, members of Congress are limited to an expenditure of $3,000. The average congressional district has over 100,000 qualified electors, as compared with an average of 35,000 in British constituencies, so our campaign expendi

(Please Turn to Page 677)

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▶▶ Dignified Faun ◀◀

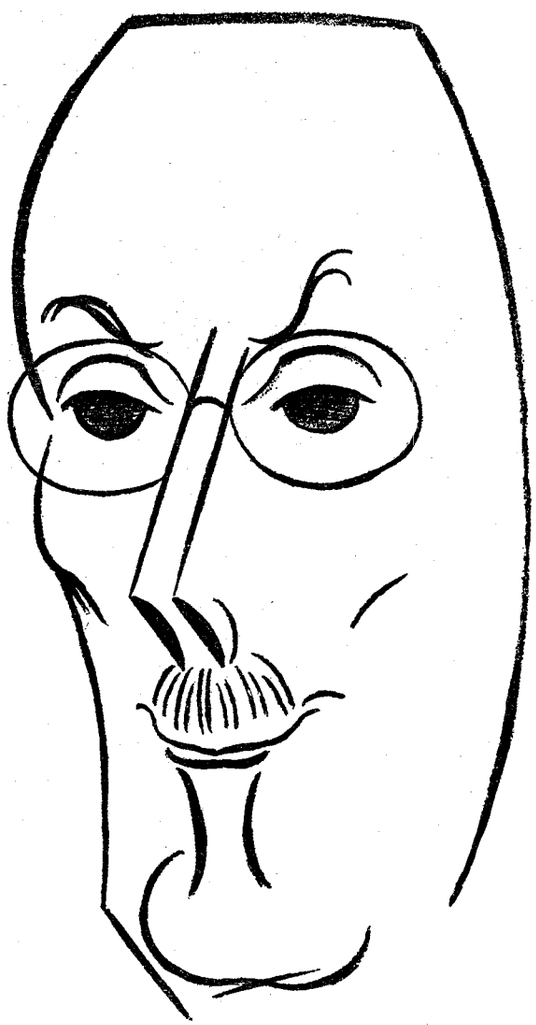
A Portrait of E. A. R.

By LUCIUS BEEBE

IN THE year 1905 the best known book reviewer in the United States was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the country, who, despite the exalted position he then occupied as Master of the White House, had not withdrawn his name from the list of critics on the staff of the Outlook. In the same year there was published the second edition of a book of verses entitled *The Children of the Night,* from the pen of a man approaching middle age who was at the time employed as a checker of tip-cart loads of shale in the construction of the New York subway, and Fate, in the by no means inappropriate person of Lyman Abbott, forwarded a review copy of the volume to President Roosevelt, who thus made the acquaintance of Miniver Cheevy and John Evereldown and all the drinkers of wrong waters and blighted sons of wonder of Tilbury Town, and later wrote a highly favorable notice of the book which can still be seen in the files of the Outlook for August, twenty-five years since.

But Mr. Roosevelt did more than merely praise *The Children of the Night* in the Outlook; he inquired into the personal fortunes of the author of the poems, and was shocked to find him employed in a distinctly non-intellectual capacity in the ill-ventilated stretches of the Manhattan underground. A few days later N. N. Stranahan, Collector of the Port of New York, received a letter from Washington requesting that a certain E. A. Robinson be appointed to a position on the Collector's staff and assigned the least exacting duties possible in order that he might pursue various extra-official activities. No doubt the Collector imagined that the appointment was a reward for some minor political supporter, but in any event, it was thus that the man who today is known as the author of *Tristram* and *The Man Against the Sky,* and is generally considered the dean of American poets, received his first critical recognition and security from want from the same source. Few more gracious acts of patronage illustrate the pages of American history.

The saga further has it, and Robinson has never been heard to deny the legend, that he took full advantage of the privilege extended to him and that, upon one occasion, it was necessary for his immediate superior in the custom-



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
Caricature by Eva Herrmann from "On Parade"
(Coward-McCann)

house to suggest that he call at the office at least often enough to collect his weekly stipend.

In 1930, a quarter of a century later, Edwin Arlington Robinson is the most elusive figure on the American literary scene as well as one of the most distinguished of personalities. A reticent Corinthian, combining the shyness of a Verlaine and the superior aloofness of Thomas Hardy, he seeks the by no means untrodden ways of the world and yet succeeds in retaining a personal anonymity that borders on the nonexistent. A mildly dignified faun in rimless spectacles, he shuns the deadly testimonial dinner as though he had once experienced the hospitality of the Borgias, and he is a complete stranger to the woman's clubs and lecture platforms so beloved of the trained seal order of litterateurs. He has never made a speech or given a reading, and even to the professional news interviewer is known as one of the most fugitive of public figures. Even camera studies of him record a slightly startled expression as though the click of the shutter had frightened him into what might well turn out to be a week of the closest sort of retirement.

My first meeting with Robinson was in 1924, when I was still an undergraduate at Harvard; and it was among the gardens and quiet surroundings of the drowsy city of Boston that I came to know and, partly at least, to understand the most significant of contemporary American poets and the man whose genius has produced the greatest of modern contributions to the Arthurian Legend. My first introduction was of a fine spring evening, when William Stanley Braithwaite, the poetry anthologist and one of the earliest Robinson enthusiasts, brought him to my rooms in Cambridge for dinner.

I anticipated a session of highly literary conversation, during which the Great Man would discuss matters of great poetic import, and with the brandy and cigars I settled down for what I naïvely hoped might be a sort of Mermaid Tavern evening with epigrams and much fine talk.

But to my dismay, Robinson would say little enough on the subject of poetry and nothing of himself. He listened politely to Braithwaite and my-

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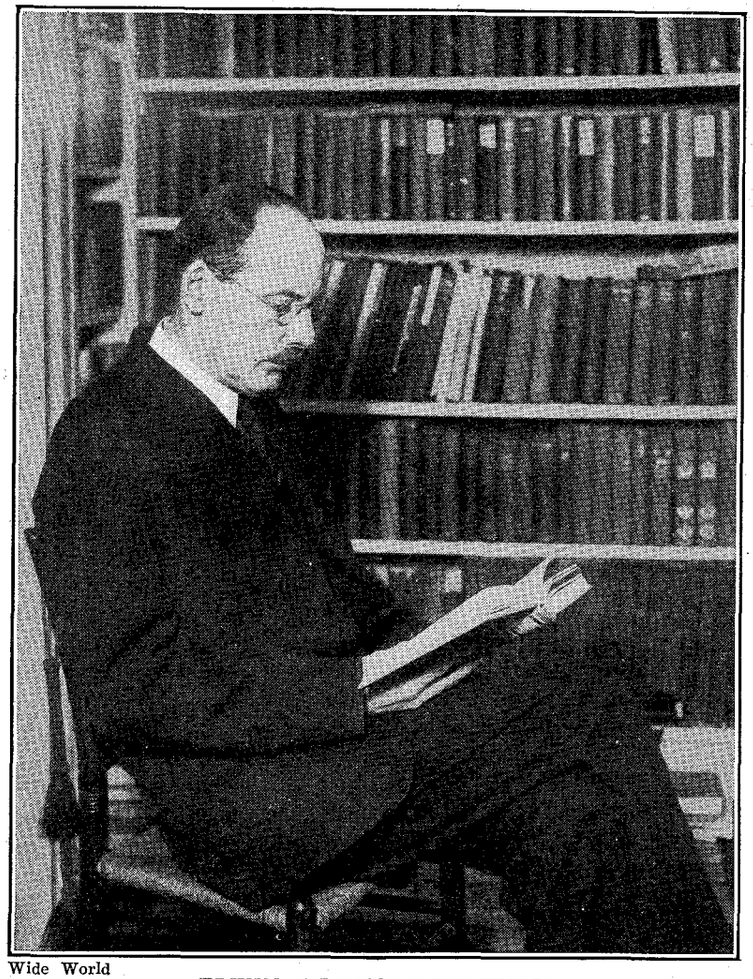
self, but it was apparent that the conversation was one-sided, stilted, and becoming increasingly uncomfortable. The tension was suddenly relieved, however, by an uproar in the corridor, a thunderous assault upon my door, and the discharge into the room of a posse of acquaintances bent on almost any form of evening's amusement save that supplied by the lyric muse. I was made aware, by the atmosphere which accompanied their arrival, that for them the evening was already under way, and I shuddered for my literary session.

To my amazement, however, my guest of honor had brightened perceptibly. He joined with pleasure in the conversation, which included the most commonplace and, to my mind, unæsthetic topics, and he seemed charmed by the fact that, so far as one could determine, none of the intruders had ever heard until that evening of Edwin Arlington Robinson. This certainly was not very literary, and it seemed to me an odd way to entertain a poet, and yet, when a dealer in illicit beverages had been summoned to replenish the cellarage and the gathering had become indistinguishable from a score of singularly inane and agreeable sessions in progress around Harvard Yard, it was patent that Robinson was enjoying himself vastly.

In no time, so it seemed, the milk wagons were clattering through the streets under my windows and it was broad daylight. It was in this manner that I happened to learn that even the shyest of fauns might be induced to dance if only the pipes of Pan were played sufficiently loudly.



Wide World

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Born in the tiny village of Head Tide, Maine, in the last year of the turbulent sixties, Robinson was taken by his family at an early age to live in nearby Gardiner, which more than any other place in America, according to Amy Lowell, is pervaded by an English atmosphere. Gardiner has a fine Tudor manor house overlooking the town, where generation after generation of the squires whose name is borne by the township have lived and died, and the atmosphere of almost feudal loyalty which pervaded the community deeply impressed the boy whose father was a country banker and grain merchant. His earliest recollection is of sitting on the kitchen floor while his mother occupied herself with domestic offices, and reciting from memory passages from the ballad lore of an earlier England.

From Gardiner in the 'eighties to the Cambridge and Harvard of a golden academic age in the early 'nineties was a change as abrupt, and in its way as inspiring, as that of a country lad from the Attic hillslopes to the Agora of Athens in the age of Pericles. Percy's *Reliques* and *The Complaynte of Scotlande* found themselves supplemented by the wealth of literature interpreted by such brilliant lecturers of the day as Hill, Briggs, Kittredge and Charles Eliot Norton, and the worlds of metaphysics, psychology and formalized philosophy were opened by such men as Santayana, Royce and Palmer.

Harvard, however, was not an oversignificant period in the development of the poet, and he was obliged by straitened finances to withdraw at the end of sophomore year.

The outer world of 1894 was not encouraging to one who had made up his mind for a career as a professional poet. Poets at this period of American civilization were notoriously loose-lived and Bohemian fellows, and to all but a very few magazine editors the idea of paying for verses at adequate space rates, or even paying for them at all, for that matter, was not devoid of humor.

It accordingly became obvious to Robinson that the service of the lyric muse would not supply him with bread and board, even at a time when those essentials could be had in the growing metropolis of New York for the sum of five dollars a week. For a time a boarding house in Yonkers, "on an ignominious little street, atilt like a house roof all of cobbles," where the board was only three dollars, was all that the future author of *Tristram* and winner of three Pulitzer prizes could call home. From what sources even this moderate revenue derived, for all the scholarly methods of modern research, is not a part of the Robinson saga.

The ten years from 1895 to 1905, spent in the various strata of the Bohemia of a great city, were frequently times of actual and desperate want, and it was in the latter of these years, while he was employed during the consulship of Mayor McClellan, that Fate, disguised as Dr. Abbott, conspired to place *The Children of the Night* in the hands of President Roosevelt.

Today, although he lives in one of the busiest streets of the world's most populous city, and although from time to time his features appear in the columns of the daily press, it would be safe to say that hardly a hundred persons in New York City know America's most distinguished poet by sight. Athletes

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and flyers, masters of the world's commerce and finance, luminaries of stage and screen are recognized and acclaimed wherever they may go, but Robinson has cultivated an anonymity which protects him in public from the exploitation he so strongly disapproves.

In his study, located near the East River in Forty-Second Street above the studio of his friend the sculptor, James Earle Fraser, he passes the winter months relaxing from the strain of composition, to which his summers are devoted in the retirement of the MacDowell artists' colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. Of recent years he has lined out at the houses of intimate friends more frequently than hitherto, but in the main his amusements are limited to billiards and pool, an occasional visit to the theatre and a regular weekly concert at Carnegie Hall.

It is at the concert hall that he is, perhaps, more of a familiar figure than elsewhere. The tall, slim body, slightly stooped of shoulders, the lean oval face, clean-shaven but for a black military mustache, the eyes, a little wistful through rimless glasses, and the graying hair above the temples, these are the characteristics that are first notable. The somewhat military severity of attire, the inevitable walking stick, the soft black hat, these are secondary impressions. There is about him a continual air of preoccupation. He appears to be peering ever into the heart of mysterious problems unsuspected by the world around him. Ask a question or salute him, and perhaps thirty seconds will elapse before he smiles—a very agreeable smile—and wakes from his abstraction. He smokes a Sweet Caporal cigarette—never anything else—as though to surround himself with a protective film of thin, blue smoke, and when he speaks it is in quick staccato bursts, the periods beginning and ending in a reflective and only slightly noticeable drawl.

He is his own Merlin, returned for a time from the dim seclusion of a mystic but unforgotten Broceliande, as if he wandered still in the spirit through forests of speculation fitfully illumined by gleams of transcendental vision. "I am," he has said, "more of a transcendentalist than many of my friends are willing to believe. When I write, I am only the agent of something-or-other. The real poet, like the real artist, is a freak of nature."

He will not commit himself by estimating his own position or rank in the world of poetic endeavor. "No poet can be an adequate judge of his own writing," he says, "and only the passage of time can set the seal of authentic genius on anything that is written today. Whatever laurels I may receive, to be good for anything must be green long after I and my generation have withered. Poetic experience can penetrate far beyond human expression, but I do not pretend to be a philosopher, and I do not like to be called one."

Probably May Sinclair, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* nearly twenty-five years ago, when the rising sun of Robinson's genius was only faintly reflected on the poetic horizon, summed up the creed of the man and of the poet as adequately as any later estimate of him has done when she wrote: "Be true to the truth that lies nearest you, true to God if you have found him; true to man, true to yourself; true, if you know no better truth, to your primal instincts; but at any rate be true."

It is in accordance with these tenets that Robinson pursues "The Light" he so frequently mentions in his verses, the light of justification and poetic destiny. The self-contained superiority of his attitude shows no desire for ratification of his genius; there is in him neither suffrage of the crowd nor tolerance of criticism. He knows his course and is irrevocably dedicated to it.

The greater part of Robinson's work is done during the summer months in the cabin which is reserved for him at the MacDowell colony in the seclusion of the New Hampshire hills. A close friend of the late Alexander MacDowell, the distinguished American musician who founded the colony as a retreat for creative spirits, Robinson is also the feature exhibit of the establishment. Not that he is exhibited. Heaven forbid. But his name is the most distinguished of the guests at the camp, and many a lesser poetic and literary light has basked in the radiance of his company there.

"At Peterboro with E. A. R., you know," is a common form of expression among those who have no objection whatsoever to crediting themselves with a non-existent intimacy with the dean of American poets.

In the sunlit interior of a rough log cabin there, where his luncheon is daily left on the step and no visitors may intrude, Robinson frees his imagination and does the greater part of his work, which appears in book form on an average of once every two years.

In the evening he lounges around the common hall of the colony while Thornton Wilder or Leonora Speyer, or, until lately, the ever-charming Elinor Wiley, tells tall stories of his or her prestige or adventures. Then when the long bow has been stretched to what seems its ultimate breaking point, Robinson becomes momentarily vocal, tells a hair-raisingly incredible story, some incredible anecdote outdistancing all that has gone before, and goes off to bed.

One of his favorite recollections is told at the expense of Conrad Aiken, the novelist, with whom Robinson once found himself in a compartment of a night train from Liverpool to London.

"There was no restaurant car on the train and neither of us had had a thing to eat or drink since luncheon," he recounts. "All the sleeping compartments were full, and it looked like a long, cold, weary trip, when suddenly I remembered two imperial quarts of Burke's Irish whiskey in my grip. It was astonishing how soon we were at Euston, and just as we drew into the train shed we finished the last drop in the second bottle. I felt fine and was out being entertained in Romano's by noon, but Aiken, pooh, he was no drinker at all. It was a week before he got out of the Charing Cross Turkish Baths."

Robinson has little of the Puritan in him when it comes to the pleasures of the table, and his opinion of prohibition has been recorded for posterity in *Dionysus in Doubt*. Although at sixty his penchant for sawdust floors and mellow company is tempered, there are portions of the saga which paint him a blithe fellow in those Bohemian times when the source of the rent and the price of the next meal almost invariably partook of a quality of doubt.

He is fond of advising young people on the indiscretion of youthful publication. In general he believes it is unwise to publish books before the age of thirty, and the fact that his own first volume, *The Torrent and the Night Before*, was published when he was only twenty-six in no way detracts from his faith in this maxim.

In 1927 when *Tristram* was attracting the attention of the entire literary world and was selling at the rate of an edition a week, a group of Robinson's friends decided that then or never was the occasion for some sort of public testimonial to their regard and affection

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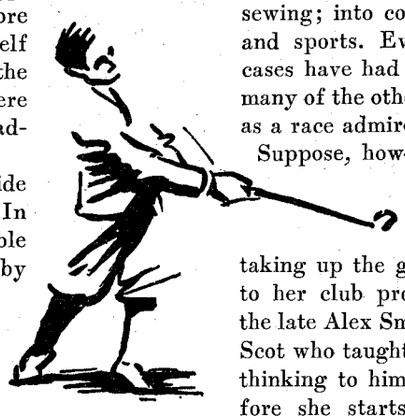
Why Golf Widows?

By GLENNA COLLETT

THERE is no denying it. America is strewn with golf widows. Not just a few here and there, chirping feebly about their bereavement, but multitudes everywhere shouting to the heavens, "We have lost our mates." On country club porches, the floor boards sag with the weight of their waiting and watching bodies. At beaches, their sad faces threaten to darken the beneficial rays of the sun. Mountain resorts are colder because of their gloomy presences, and home fires through neglect, sputter and go out completely. They are, in truth, an unhappy race.

Some of my best friends I number among these widows, and their sad fate concerns me greatly. For several years, I have attempted to analyze why they are the stay-at-homes, or stay-at-clubs and not the go-out-and-hit-them kind. In doing so, I feel I have found a good many sound reasons.

In the first place, most women like to do what they do well, and they like to have their husbands see them do what they do well. For some reason, golf is the hardest sport of all the sports for the average woman to do well. A woman may go swimming with a man and her stroke and speed usually do not hamper his own enjoyment of the sport. If she is not so good as he, she may sit on the beach and admire him while he does some exhibition navigation. Then when he returns to the shore and throws himself down to bask in the sun, she is still there to play her rôle of admiring femininity.



Or she may ride horseback with him: In this sport, she is able to go equally side by side with him for miles; take a few fences; race over a sage brush prairie, or fearlessly walk her horse up narrow mountain paths, with leering chasms all about it. For no man can accuse his wife of fear. Not if he remembers his ten or twelve offspring.

Golf on the other hand has nothing to do with the easy companionship of swimming or of horseback riding. Golf is an individual sport that has to do with muscle coordination; with strength; with endurance; and with concentration.

Besides this, it takes time to play golf. A golf game knocks the eye out of a full morning, or a full afternoon, as the case may be.

The women today who have reached

Illustrations from "Pictorial Golf," by H. B. Martin (Dodd, Mead)

the high places in the golfing world have done so through a complete devotion to the game. Sacrifices of all kinds have had to be made. Sacrifices of time that would have gone into other things. Into house management; into study; into sewing; into cooking; into other games and sports. Even their looks in most cases have had to go by the board, and many of the other virtues which the male as a race admires most in women.

Suppose, however, a wife decides to obliterate her widowhood, by surmounting these obstacles and by taking up the game seriously. She goes to her club professional. If he is like the late Alex Smith, that whimsical little Scot who taught me so much, he may be thinking to himself, "She is beaten before she starts. It is her build that beats her. Her build gets between her and her swing." Be that as it may, he hands her a club and lets nature take its course. At first, to the average woman this club is like a large stick of dynamite. She holds it away from her, as if at any moment it were going to explode and blow her to bits. She never for a moment seems to wield it naturally as she would a broom or fly swatter. Instead, she stands off from it, bending at stiff right angles, so that in all respects she resembles a hanging pent house roof. She is stiff of arm; stiff of bent back and stiff of leg. As she swings, she seems to drop everything but her club —her shoulders, her hips and her knees suddenly collapse and fall. This means that if she hits the ball at all, it will be a miracle and not by any control on her part. So she must start at once building herself up. She must harden those arm muscles; toughen those wrists; flatten that chest and soften those curves. How many women honestly when all is said and done want to enlarge their present shapely arms with muscles; or spoil their slender supple wrists with rigid strength; or remove their softly alluring curves by swinging? How many women actually want to broil themselves under the sun's rays through hours of practice at something for which by nature, nine out of ten of them feel they are not actually suited? Here woman is in a vicious circle. To be with and to hold the thing she loves, she must destroy the very thing that holds the thing she loves. Consequently most women after a few golf lessons decide to make the best of a bad situation—that is to keep what they already have, because it is all they have, and renounce golf entirely. Besides there is always the winter, when in most cases, widowhood is softened by snow.

But if a few press determinedly on and decide actually to play, here are some of their playing obstacles. Golf courses with the exception of the

Women's National Golf and Tennis and Women's Westchester Golf and Tennis are designed primarily for men. There may be ladies' tees but these, unless a woman can actually hit a fairly long ball, do not help much. The drives de

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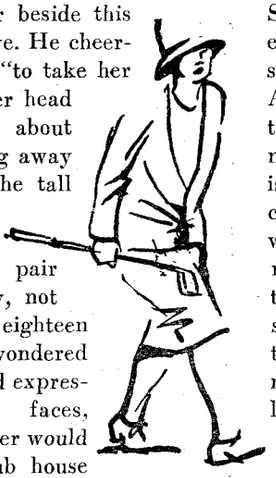
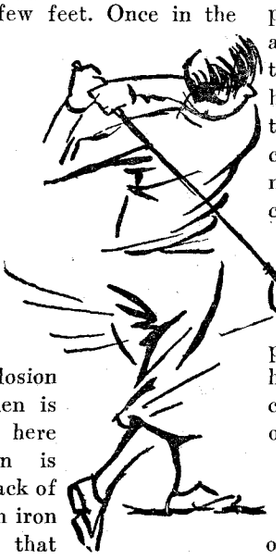
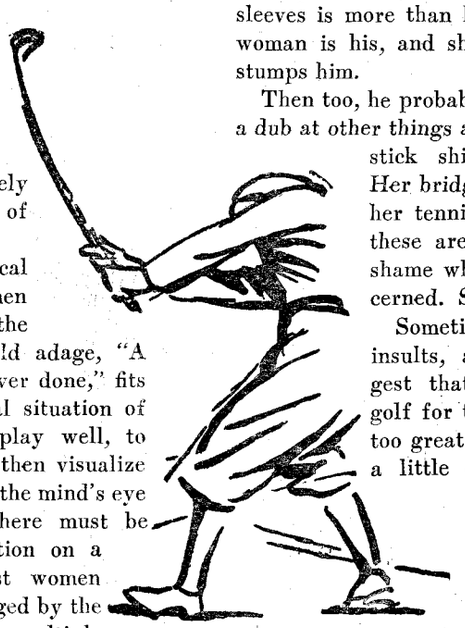
manded of her are usually too long for the drives she can make. Therefore, her first shot lies in the rough. Many are the times one has seen in the early morning, a couple, related by marriage, standing together beside this first ill-fated drive. He cheerfully urging her "to take her time and keep her head down," she pink about the gills, slugging away to get out of "the tall timber." Many a time one has passed the same pair on the same day, not far from number eighteen tee box, and wondered from the harassed expressions on both faces, whether the murder would occur on the club house porch or prematurely on the eighteenth green.



For a woman to play eighteen holes of golf with any man, unless she is above the average player, is an ordeal which should not be asked of either of the sexes. No matter how much of a dub a man is, he is physically equipped to outplay most women. If he tops his tee shot his sheer strength sends it a hundred yards at least. Whereas, on a woman's part, a topped ball trickles off perhaps only a few feet. Once in the rough, a man usually has the wrist control to get out at once, but a woman has not the same equipment. Setting her teeth, she almost has to beat her way out foot by foot. In bunkers, the necessary explosion shot for most men is not difficult, but here again a woman is handicapped by lack of strength. Then, in iron play, the play that causes the greatest grief to both men and women, the women because of their fragile wrists, almost invariably are inferior. Even on the greens, where one would assume women might excel, since no strength is needed, men quite consistently outputt women. This may be due to a lack of nerve control, which is of course an essential in putting, but to whatever it is due, it is a noticeable truth of the game, men outputt women.



Thus woman suffers in every branch of the game through physical drawbacks. Even given the same amount of time for play, a woman would not be as good. She could not. So far no woman has emerged who could without handicap strokes, beat a Bobby Jones or a Hagen. Among the very finest women players today the average number of bisques necessary to make a mixed contest fair is six. An occasional off-day for a male champion might even things up for a woman opponent, but that would be the rare, not the customary event. I am speaking here of those women who make golf their life's work, not of those who merely pass the time of day with it.



Besides the physical drawbacks for women players there are the mental also. The old adage, "A woman's work is never done," fits here into the mental situation of golf. In order to play well, to judge distance and then visualize that distance within the mind's eye during a stroke, there must be complete concentration on a player's part. Most women are constantly besieged by the thoughts of their multiple home demands: "Is Susie going to reach the dentist's without me?" "Will the cook save the fresh peas for dinner tonight?" "Did I write the laundryman's check?" "When did I tell George I would go with him to the circus?" All these things and many more like them, go battling around in a woman's mind, blotting out her powers of concentration, and causing her to send her ball hither and yon in complete abandon over the smiling miles of golf course.

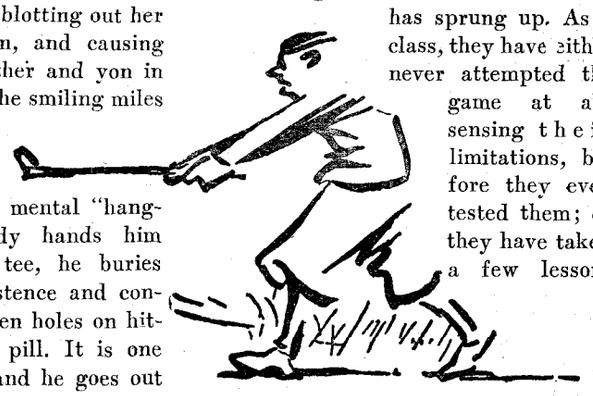
A man, on the other hand, seems to have few of these besetting mental "hangovers." Once his caddy hands him his club on the first tee, he buries his detailed outside existence and concentrates through eighteen holes on hitting that elusive white pill. It is one more thing to conquer and he goes out to do it. Usually, if he does not become proficient, at least he is not conspicuous by his inefficiency. Few women need to be ashamed at their husband's stroking appearance on the course, but many men have wanted to wear masks as they have trailed around after their better halves.

This very matter of damaged pride may be one reason why men have suggested to women that they divorce the golf course for good. A man might cheerfully crawl around in tall grass hunting his wife's lost ball, if he thought he were unperceived by his cronies. Or he might stand by to see her strokes materialize into grotesque postures, if the course were cleared. But the thought that his men friends are watching the same procedure, and laughing up their sleeves is more than he can bear. This woman is his, and she is a dub. That stumps him.

Then too, he probably feels she is not a dub at other things and she had better stick shiningly to those. Her bridge, her swimming, her tennis, her riding—all these are fine. He has no shame where they are concerned. So back to those!

Sometimes, to avoid open insults, a man may suggest that the expense of golf for two in a family is too great. This of course is a little quaint when one opens this same man's garage door, to see three cars there ready for use. Or observes clothes on his wife's frame, the cost of which would support an entire country club's ménage. But after all one does not bite the hand that feeds one, nor does one tell one's wife to her face she is a sight and a bore on the golf course.

So in one way and another, this great class—the golf widows of the world—has sprung up. As a class, they have either never attempted the game at all, sensing their limitations, before they even tested them; or they have taken a few lessons and given up the ghost almost immediately; or after playing a while, through great diplomacy on the part of their



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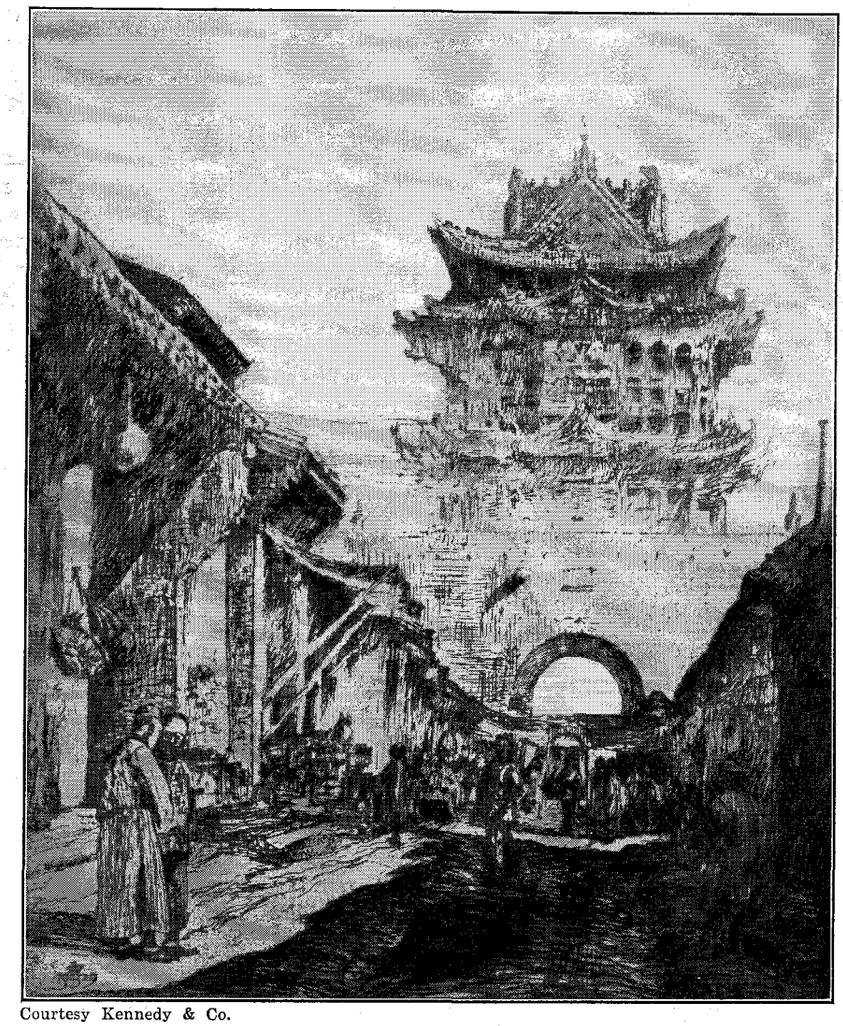
Drinking as an Art

By W. LOCK WEI

LIKE many of the high school heroes of this age, I tasted liquor when I was in my teens; unlike them, however, I did not have the supreme satisfaction of proving my manhood with a hip flask, for I had no prohibition law to break, and I drank with full knowledge and consent of my parents, which facts undoubtedly took away from alcohol, as far as I was concerned, the lure of forbidden fruit. Strange as it may seem, it was my father who initiated me into the subtle art of drinking; for then I had neither the inclination nor the need for even the best of wines, which, taken in proper quantities, do have the uplifting influence of rousing the tired mind, giving inspiration to creative work, and tearing off one's awkward mask of conservatism.

The social custom of drinking in China dates back to time immemorial, and has been practised throughout the ages by scholars, philosophers, poets and priests. Due to the thousands of years of civilizing influence, and the system of training in the schools, where philosophy, literature, and ethics played such important parts, the Chinese have acquired an outward manner too formal and stilted for social intercourse. We believe, however, that a few cups of good wine are an immense aid in the act of getting acquainted, that when men drink together, clumsy inhibitions disappear, when they naturally put their best foot forward.

One often hears and wonders why the old custom still exists in China that many of the important business transactions and political parleys are held at the dinner table. The reason seems to be that in harmony with the spirit of festivity—in the gay atmosphere of wine, women, and song, the conservative Chinese are apt to talk more freely, humanly and intimately. Let us attend in imagination a Chinese banquet, which we will assume to take place in a restaurant in the bright light district of the great commercial city of Canton.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

A BIT OF OLD CHINA
Etching by W. Bevan

The first surprise, pleasant or otherwise, that you will receive is that no wine or liquor will be served until you have taken your seat at the dinner table. Centuries of experience have taught the Chinese not to take intoxicants on an empty stomach. When the first courses of the dinner are placed before you, your host is likely to toast to your health, then in turn you are at liberty to drink to him and the other guests as much or as little as you wish. After an hour or two of exchanging compliments, tasting delicious wine and food, and saying sweet nothings to your favorite Sing Song girl, the interval comes, when you are free to do as you like. Those who have business matters to discuss will retire to a quiet corner, where, before the second session of the dinner is announced, they generally come to a verbal agreement, which corresponds to the American method of "signing on the dotted line;" and those who attend the banquet for pleasure only, can indulge in a game of Mah Jong, listen to the entertainer singing to the accompaniment of the string orchestra, or engage in a session of wisecracks with the Sing Song girls.

Serious drinking generally takes place when you resume your seat at the table. There are various methods by which your mettle may be tested; but the most important unwritten rule of the game you must bear in mind is that "a gentleman should know how to hold his liquor"; that is to say, a man may get slightly tipsy and still remain a gentleman, but once he gets inebriated, his reputation will take some time to live down!

If you are not an old friend of the members of the party, and if you happen to be the honored guest, you will find a great deal of attention showered upon you. First of all, your kind host will say to you "Yum shing," and drink to you bottoms up, then the other guests will follow his good example. At this stage, it is not difficult to realize what a task you have on hand to remain a gentleman if you do not know the other rules of the game. Of course, there are

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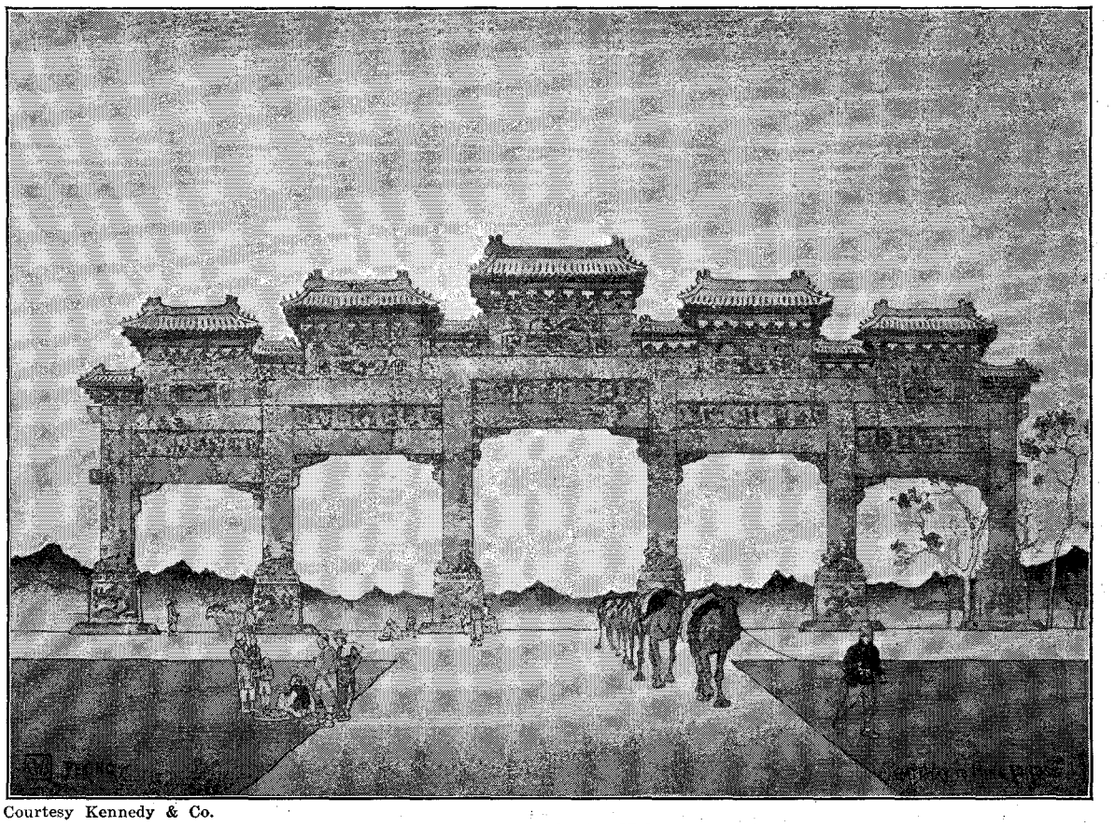
exceptions, but few men could empty in succession some twenty cups of even good wine whose strength is at least equal to that of whiskey or brandy, without sliding under the table. Fortunately, you can plead that your capacity has been taxed to the limit, and suggest that you drink a quarter of a cup to your opponent's whole, since he has such an admirable capacity. But if he should insist that you finish yours with him, the Sing Song girl assigned to you will generally come to your rescue, and drink for you; and if your good host is convinced that you are really a moderate drinker, he will not insist on imposing on you, but will assist you himself, if he has a good constitution.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

GATEWAY TO MING TOMBS, PEKING
Woodcut by C. W. Bartlett

One of the favorite drinking games at the dinner table is "Chai Mui." This is played by two persons simultaneously stretching out their right hands with fingers extended, and shouting certain numbers. If one shows two extended fingers, and says "seven," and his opponent shows five, and says "nine," for instance; the first person wins, because two fingers plus five are seven, the right number he has chosen. The loser generally pays by drinking a full cup of wine. Thus if you are not well versed in the art of this game, you stand another chance of losing your prestige; but again fortunately, your Sing Song girl or other friend can defend you by challenging your conqueror, and drink for you if she or he loses. In case even these ingenious devices cannot help to save your face, you still have a way out by pleading to your host that you are already tipsy and replete, and retire gracefully.

In the cultured homes in China young gentlemen are taught the art of drinking years before they reach their majority. The happy memory still lingers vividly in my mind of the first cups of wine I had partaken with my father. I was only fourteen then, and had been brought up since childhood to pay respects to my parents according to the gold rules of propriety as laid down by our great sage, Confucius, and so I never had the freedom of having a really intimate talk with my father. I remember how I trembled with joy and excitement when he summoned me to have my first taste of wine with him that cold winter evening. Having chosen the best bottle of wine from the cellar himself, he led me to a table set for two on which were placed the supreme delicacies that our cook could produce. Between sips of the delicious wine and tastes of good food, he began to initiate me into the subtle art of drinking, emphasizing the rigid rule that a gentleman should have a good capacity for drinks, but that he should always know his own limit. After the second cup of the clear liquid from Shiu Hing, I felt words flowing out of my mouth more easily and naturally. He seized that opportunity to impress upon me that I was about to reach manhood, and told me all about the customs and manners of night life, with which every young gentleman must be thoroughly familiar before he launches out to a banquet such as the one I have described.

I have had many other sessions with him since that night, and I realize that on each succeeding occasion, he tried to coax me to drink a little more to test my capacity; and thanks to these delightful meetings, I was given the real opportunity of knowing my own father, who has saved me from many a headache.

Contrast this with another method of drinking that we so often see. Perhaps it is "birds of a feather" that accounts for my having few friends who do not indulge in liquor now and then, but I have yet to live to see a successful party staged without liquor of some form being served. This to me is really not at all surprising, because all temperate drinkers in the world maintain that a dash of alcohol is indispensable to hospitality and sociability. The fact that astounds me is that many people who drink in this country nowadays do so not because they enjoy the wine and good fellowship, but solely because they want to feel the alcoholic effect to the fullest extent. I have attended many parties where people seemed to drink with the one idea of getting intoxicated. To argue whether prohibition is its cause or effect is to advance the familiar opposing theories of the chicken and the

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The Trend of Events

Norris of Nebraska

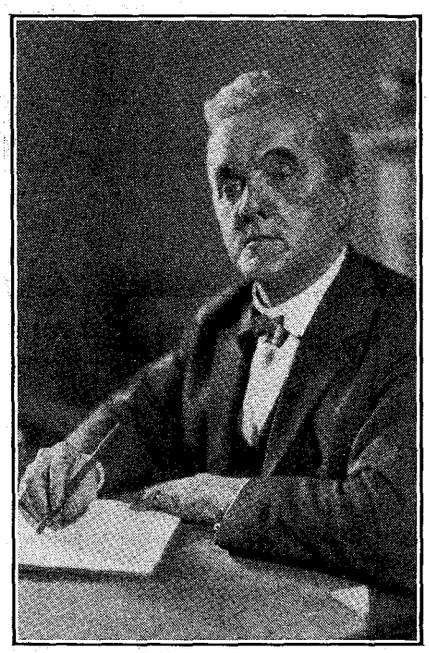
THE FORCES of the Hoover Administration and the cohorts of the Anti-Saloon League, once again allies in a holy cause, combined in Nebraska against George W. Norris for the Republican senatorial nomination last week. But they lost. Senator Norris will return to Washington, where he is vitally needed. He will go back because there is no prospect that former Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, the Democratic nominee, will win on Election Day.

It was the most important primary fight of the week, if not of the year. Even more striking than the Hoover opposition, perhaps, was that of the dry forces. Mr. Hitchcock voted against the Eighteenth Amendment. Senator Norris is, himself, a prohibitionist. But in 1928 he committed the unforgiveable sin of voting for Alfred E. Smith, the man who would bring back the saloon, who is in league with the liquor interests, who was seen intoxicated—so ran the whispering campaign—on many public occasions. Sincerity of political philosophy means nothing to the Anti-Saloon League. To believe that there are issues more important than prohibition is heresy.

The opposition of the machine Republicans was inspired less by prohibition. The G. O. P. is having its own schisms on that issue. It was based, in so far as the Nebraska organization was concerned, on Norris's disloyalty in 1928. The Administration's hostility was largely due to Senator Norris's opposition to President Hoover's plan for the development of Muscle Shoals. Norris believes in government operation of the power plants there. He refused to abandon his belief. Mr. Hoover made his own part in the fight clear early this month by endorsing the record of Representative R. Carroll Reece of Tennessee, who has flatly opposed government operation, and who was involved in his own primary fight the week before.

Senator Simeon D. Fess, the ubiquitous new chairman of the Republican National Committee, was indiscreet enough to remark, a day or so before the Nebraska primary, that all Republicans who won their local contests would receive official support. But Hoover spokesmen promptly made it clear that this did not include Senator Norris, who was "a traitor to the party." It is just as well.

In glorious Oklahoma, meanwhile, Thomas P. Gore, the blind former senator, was successful in winning the Democratic senatorial nomination. This year he ran as a wet, having been converted to Anti-Volsteadism. Another nominee in Oklahoma was "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, who will be the Democratic candidate for Governor. All in all, the prohibition issue continued to be fairly well clouded. In Ohio, a Democratic dry and a Republican wet were chosen for the Governorship and the Senate.



Underwood

PRIMARY WINNER

George W. Norris of Nebraska, again Republican nominee for Senator

Opening Guns

THE HEAVY GUNS nevertheless are being brought into position. The campaign of 1930 has opened. And unless all the preliminaries are deceiving, it will be an excellent war. For once, the Outs, otherwise known as the Democrats, have ammunition. They are filling their guns with embarrassing questions which will be spread in a barrage over the nation. Chief among them is: Who killed Prosperity?

Much exercised, Field Marshal Fess, for the Ins, has been issuing daily communiques. He insists that the tariff i a blessing to the nation, an augury o swiftly returning days of plenty. Fiel Marshal Shouse, for the Outs, counter with an offer to debate this. Last week in a radio address, he indicated tha Democrats would hold forth on th "Hoover Panic," hard times, unemploy ment, the failure of the farm policy He neglected to mention the drought.

Major General Robert H. Lucas chief aide to Field Marshal Fess, make the direct charge of atrocities on th part of the Outs. They are attemptin to win Capitol Hill by trampling o the bodies of their countrymen. The would gain "political victory throug the misery and sufferings of their fel low men." The answer came from Brig adier General King, the Democrati Senator from Utah, who called attentio to the decades in which the G. O. P had proclaimed itself the guardian o prosperity. He said that, had the Out been in power, the Ins would agai have pointed to the panic as indicatio of Democratic inability to rule the na tion. Then Major General Tydings Democratic Senator from Maryland said that the party had an excellen chance to win the Senate, while it prospects in the House are conceded t be excellent.

So thick is the smoke, that it is har to judge yet whether victory hovers ove any of the banners. One thing is clea The Outs have shown the better stra tegy. Major-General Lucas erred in ad mitting a lapse in prosperity. Never be fore have the Ins admitted as much Let the error be swiftly remedied. A panic in a Republican regime? It is in conceivable. There *was* no panic. I was a mendacious, malicious, baseles falsehood spread by the Democratic Na tional Committee and published in th columns of the partisan press. Repub licanism and Prosperity! Vote for th Ins and Eat! Stand Pat on the Pro tective Tariff! Let the Ins return t these, the tested and reliable war cries if they hope for success.

Advice to Mrs. Lindbergh

LAST WEEK we suggested that Colone Charles A. Lindbergh hurry to Soutl America where American business inter ests are facing new perils from th

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forthcoming tour of the Prince of Wales. We said that he had been neglecting his duties as America's premier Good Will Ambassador.

This week, we take up the case of Mrs. Anne Lindbergh, who appears to think she is still free to accompany her husband on his aerial jaunts. She has flown with him to Maine, to the Williamstown Institute of Politics, and to the White House, where her husband received still another medal. All the while her infant son has remained at home in charge of a nurse.

It would seem that Colonel Lindbergh, who recently bought his wife a new plane, heartily endorses this immoral conduct. But it will never do. Has Mrs. Lindbergh forgotten that the first duty, if not the sole duty of an American mother, is to her child? We anticipate resolutions of regret from civic organizations, editorial condemnation from Dorothy Dix. Has Mrs. Lindbergh pondered the example she is setting other mothers? Soon other women will be adding to the happiness of their husbands instead of being slaves, as they should be, to their infants.

▶▶Developments Aloft

A NEW RECORD by the astonishing Captain Frank M. Hawks, the arrival of the R-100 at her home port of Cardington, and the senseless droning of the endurance fliers over the airport at St. Louis marked the week's aerial developments.

The flight of Captain Hawks was easily the most important. He had already shattered the East-West record by a flight to the Pacific Coast in 14 hours, 50 minutes and 43 seconds. His return was even more remarkable. He left Los Angeles by moonlight at 6:16: 27 o'clock (New York Time on Wednesday), August 13. He stopped three times to refuel, and arrived at Curtiss Airport on Long Island at 6:41:30 in the evening, with the sun still above the horizon. The elapsed time was 12 hours, 25 minutes and 3 seconds; better by 2 hours and 20 minutes than that made by Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh. At no time in his flight did his speed drop below 200 miles an hour.

There is practical value in such a flight, and value, too, in the return trip of the R-100 which arrived at the Cardington Airdrome at noon on Saturday, August 16. The trip had taken 57 hours and 5 minutes, and so no new mark was set. The crossing demonstrated, again, that additional study of fabrics for giant dirigibles is needed. On her way to America, the lateral fins ripped. On the way back, rain came through and the electric stove used for brewing tea was put out of commission. This was a major tragedy to the British on board, and it was announced that a new covering would be found at once.

All this while, and for a good many weeks besides, the Greater St. Louis had been circling over St. Louis with Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brine seeking glory. They had long since taken the endurance record away from the Hunter brothers. There was talk of 1,000 hours in the air, but they landed after 647 hours had passed. Their flight proves about as much as any other endurance contest; that is, exactly nothing.

Keystone

HEFLIN'S OPPONENT
John H. Bankhead, Jr., Democratic candidate for Senator from Alabama

▶▶Power John

IN NOMINATING John Hollis Bankhead Jr. to the Senate, Alabama Democrats move closer to the ousting of Senator Tom Heflin for his anti-Smith fusillades of 1928. With Heflin ruled from the primary by the state committee, the voters selected Bankhead in preference to Frederick I. Thompson, Mobile newspaper publisher. In November they will choose between Bankhead and Heflin, who plans to run as an independent, calling himself a "Jeffersonian." But "Cotton Tom," bereft of regular party support, may find the Yallerhammers more impressed by the name of Bankhead than the memory of Jefferson. On the other hand, the primary vote was exceedingly light. Old Massa Heflin still has a chance.

The Bankheads have written themselves on many maps. The very Senate seat from which Heflin rises for his clowning was held by Bankhead's father, a Confederate captain, active for good roads. William B. Bankhead, the nominee's brother, represents Alabama in Congress while a niece, Tallulah Bankhead, spreads the name before London's leading theatres.

Nor have Nominee Bankhead's fifty-eight years been idle ones. He turned a little to politics, more to corporation law and business, not at all to highways and the stage. Graduating from the University of Alabama when nineteen, he studied law at Georgetown University, and ten years later went to the legislature, where he wrote the election law now used in Alabama for the exclusion of Negro voters. In 1926 he sought and lost the Democratic nomination to succeed Senator Oscar W. Underwood.

With his chin doubling, his forehead receding, Bankhead built up a lucrative practice at Jasper, a little town forty miles from Birmingham. The Alabama Power Company, coal corporations and the like were his clients; the Bankhead Coal Company and the Bankhead Investment Corporation were his creations.

His power activities were cited in the senatorial investigation by Claudius H. Huston; they were questioned strenuously by Thompson in the recent campaign.

Bankhead is married and has three children, all out of their 'teens. He is a dry, an Elk, a Mason and a Shriner, a member of the Methodist board of stewards and a teacher of the Brotherhood Sunday School class. John Bankhead says that as a Senator he can divorce his votes from his power associations. For that we will watch and wait, realizing that even a Power John would be preferable to "Cotton Tom."

▶▶Rain from Heaven

ON THURSDAY MORNING, August 14, the Governors of thirteen states assembled at the White House for President Hoover's conference on the drought. As they drove through Washington, they saw that the pavements were wet. There had been a heavy shower that morning. They found awaiting them reports from the

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Weather Bureau of rain in various parts of the country. The burned fields of the lake regions, south toward Tennessee and in Eastern Missouri had been particularly benefited.

Thus were the prayers of the previous Sunday answered and, in comparison to the rains from Heaven, the work of the conference seemed negligible. Actually it was not. At the end of the day, the President announced four principal methods of relief; loans with federal and state assistance, reduced rail rates, Red Cross aid, and employment for farmers and their helpers thrown out of work. Earlier in the week, Mr. Hoover decided that he would take no vacation but would remain at Washington.

The damage, of course, is done. But the use of funds which were to have been for road-building and for other purposes will do much to solve the real problem, which lies in the future. A corn crop decrease of 690,000,000 bushels is staggering to contemplate. But the loss is nothing compared to that which will come if the farmers are unable to carry on during the winter and next year. President Hoover's relief agencies are properly concentrating on the future. They insist that the farmer shall not be forced to sacrifice his livestock, that he shall somehow obtain feed and supplies.

Almost certainly the price of foodstuffs will increase this winter. Government agencies can discourage profiteering, not by law but by public opinion. The increases will be small, however, as against those which will legitimately come should many of the farmers be forced out of business.

▶▶*Half-Pint Golf*

From the Department of Commerce comes a good word for the miniature golf industry. It reports the establishment of 25,000 of the Lilliputian links, representing an investment of $125,000,000. The figures indicate that there is a Tom Thumb course on about every block in the nation. The analysis claims major economic results: increased trade for the golf club manufacturers, the cotton growers, the railroads, the electric power companies; decreased attendance for the movies.

The federal statisticians made no attempt to count the half-pint golfers. There must be millions, all par-players. They brave greens that are really hazardous, water and sandtraps, boulders to slice around, blackboards to ricochet off, pipes and tree trunks to drive through, and, in California, chained bears to avoid.

But, strangely, this pigmy golf didn't start in California. Already historians have traced it back to the miniature courses played upon for many years in front of English inns. But the English Tom Thumbers play only on natural grass, with only trees, roots and a rolling lawn for hazards. The American game, hardly a perversion of such conservatism, sprang from the ingenuity of Garnet Carter, a Tennesseean.

Carter built the first American course three years ago on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga. He bridged the old hazard of worn-out greens by perfecting an artificial grass of cotton seed hulls. His innovation spread through the Southern resorts, took fire in California, and, since last fall, has swept alike through dignified cities and golfless villages.

The game even went to court, with rulings that it wasn't golf; that it can't be played on Sunday; that the links must close at midnight. It has gone to church also, with an enterprising congregation in New Jersey setting up a course to pay off the ecclesiastical debt. Still it grows and is enjoyed, exactly why no one seems to know. Perhaps in these days of Hoover prosperity the Americans have found that playing the hazards is cheaper than playing the market.

Keystone

BROADWAY'S LATEST FAVORITE
Miniature golf course behind Roxy's Theatre, in the heart of New York City, just after its completion

▶▶*Tammany Hall Again*

Mayor Walker of New York belongs to Tammany Hall, and to that ancient political organization owes allegiance. District Attorney Crain, although behind him stretched a long and honorable judicial career, permitted himself to be nominated for county prosecutor on the same ticket last fall. Presumably, then, he also owes a degree of allegiance to the organization which once was located on Fourteenth Street, but now has a chaste, new building on Union Square.

Thus Tammany won control not only of the city government, but the District Attorney's office as well. It did not, however, capture the office of United States Attorney. This official is appointed by the President and its incumbent, Mr. Tuttle, is a Republican. Being ambitious as well as a member of the opposition party, Mr. Tuttle has busied himself for some months now with revelations concerning Tammany. The latest of his disclosures, a fortnight ago, related to evidence that George F. Ewald, who was appointed to the Magistrate's Court by Mayor Walker, had achieved this post by paying $12,000.

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Mr. Tuttle had been looking into income tax returns. After he had finished, Ewald resigned from the bench. Then the evidence went to District Attorney Crain. It was alleged, in effect, that when Ewald was seeking appointment his wife made a loan of $10,000 to a Tammany district leader, one Martin Healy, who was promptly suspended by Mayor Walker from his job as Deputy Commissioner of Plant and Structures. The other $2,000 was said to have been paid to a man who endorsed Ewald.

District Attorney Crain presented the case to the Grand Jury last week, but did not press for an indictment and Ewald was exonerated. Then Mr. Tuttle started up again, and further headlines regarding the most recent Tammany scandal are indicated. No longer, now that former Governor Smith has become a skyscraper builder, is there talk of a "New Tammany." Old-time warriors are in the saddle, and Governor Roosevelt, facing reelection this Fall, faces serious embarrassment. Demands for an investigation are in his hands now.

▶▶*Child Prodigies*

THE CHIEF TROUBLE—there are others—with child prodigies is that they grow up. The case of Jackie Coogan will be recalled. Jackie evolved from a small actor of infinite charm into a slick, dapper young hoofer who appeared on the vaudeville circuits in a song and dance act with his father. Now, it is said, he is attempting to recapture the popularity that once was his. He will again appear on the screen.

As a second exhibit there is Nathalia Crane. Miss Crane is now seventeen. She is a young lady, and mature. When she celebrated her birthday in Brooklyn last week she told reporters that she had just finished her seventh book, a long and very epic poem concerning an invasion of Reds who will ravish the United States in 1945. Miss Crane must have been listening to Congressman Hamilton Fish's Communist hearings.

The new poem is, for some reason, to be called "Pocahontas." After the Reds invade the United States eight American poets gird on their armor and drive them back into the sea. The eight poets, though disguised in the poem, are said to be Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, William Rose Benet, Stephen Benet, Edwin Markham, Carl Sandburg, and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Mr. Crane is authority in the New York *Times* for the statement that his daughter's new poem is "a wild thing." It certainly sounds so, and it doesn't make much sense either. We predict that this time there will be no rumors that some other poet is the author of Nathalia's offering.

▶▶*The German Republic*

SOMEHOW the German Republic, even when it celebrates an eleventh anniversary of its birth, manages to retain a flavor of the old monarchical days. The honor company of the Reichswehr wore

Wide World

GROWN UP

Nathalia Crane of Brooklyn achieves her seventeenth birthday and her seventh book of poems

their steel helmets as they stood stiffly at attention in the Reichstag Square in Berlin. But more than anything else it was the presence of President von Hindenburg, still a stiff and military figure, still the Field Marshal in appearance.

All this is superficial, of course. The monarchy is far behind and the Kaiser, in exile at Doorn, hints all in vain to occasional visitors that he will return should the Fatherland call. On August 11 ceremonies were held in commemoration of the adoption of the Weimar Constitution. It is an imperfect document. It is still bitterly criticized by the Socialist and left wing elements in the Republic. But it has held Germany together during days of bitter darkness. Under it, von Hindenburg has managed to maintain the Republic.

There was small consolation for the Kaiser in the proceedings in Berlin. Dr. Joseph Wirth, former Chancellor and now Minister of the Interior, said in the address of the day that only a Democracy could have enabled Germany to survive. Quite naturally, Dr. Wirth appealed against radicalism; the radicalism of Bolshevism and the radicalism of Fascism alike. Irritation toward the terms of the Treaty of Versailles did not, he said, justify opposition to the form of the German government.

Meanwhile, Franco-German negotiations for revision of the treaty suffered a minor set-back last week in a belligerent speech by Dr. Gottfried Treviranus, German Minister for Occupied Areas. Foreign Minister Briand protested. Poincaré, the fire-eater, said that the speech was a threat of war. Then came calm; Dr. Treviranus made another speech, a much more conciliatory one. The storm was over.

▶▶*Trick of the Week*

FOR THE SMARTEST TRICK of the week we offer the decision of the Cook County Republican Committee to have a referendum on prohibition in Illinois this fall. News like this—combined with the report of officials in Saratoga, N. Y., that no gambling or betting dives could be found at this famous racing resort—make life during August endurable. How many times have the people of Illinois voted on prohibition already? Memory fails us.

The object is clear. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, the Republican nominee for Senator, is to oppose former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis in Illinois. Mrs. McCormick is to run as a dry, although she has not been exactly specific on the question. Her pink-whiskered opponent, however, has announced that he favors liquor control by the states. The previous referenda, which the G. O. P. seeks to forget, demonstrated that Illinois was fairly wet. But Mrs. McCormick, when the question comes up, can now say:

"It would be obviously improper for me to express an opinion until after the referendum on Election Day."

Mrs. McCormick is not alone in this yearning for silence on prohibition. Even Mr. Shouse, of the Democratic National Committee, thinks it will remain a local issue, unless the Republicans inject it into the campaign. In New York State, the Republican organization faces a bitter battle in its approaching convention, with the younger men of the party—aided by Dr.

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Keystone

COMMITTEE-WOMAN

Mrs. Ellis A. Yost appointed director of women's activities for the Republican National Committee

Nicholas Murray Butler—demanding a wet plank. In Maryland, David J. Lewis, who is seeking the Democratic nomination from the Sixth Congressional District, announced that he ran as a wet; and was immediately denounced by the Anti-Saloon League as one who had never been sincerely dry. In New York, Assemblyman Eberle Hutchinson, Republican chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, shifted to the ranks of the wets, and urged state dispensaries. He has had a consistent dry record.

Chairman Fess of the G. O. P. is also inclined to discount "the distinctly social and economic," as distinct from political, nature of the prohibition issue. Having thus discounted it, he appointed Mrs. Ellis A. Yost of West Virginia, head of the Washington office of the W. C. T. U., as director of women's activities for the Republican National Committee. Already, the anti-prohibition women in the party are protesting. Apparently, as Mr. Shouse feared, the Republicans intend to raise the prohibition issue.

▸▸*Naval Academy Vacancies*

SOME MONTHS AGO The Outlook published an article, written anonymously by the wife of a naval officer, pointing to the economic problems of life in this branch of the government service. Letters confirming it were received from distant naval stations, from battleships on duty in the waters of the Far East.

Now comes further evidence in the list of vacancies at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Once, appointments to the Academy were difficult to obtain. Congressmen were flooded with applications. Today there are 393 vacancies, the largest number in many years. In addition, resignations from the officer-personnel in the Navy itself have increased greatly. The result will be a serious shortage of officers unless the situation is remedied.

The obvious cause is that young men can no longer afford a naval career. It is unnecessary to go into the statistics; the captain who commands a $35,000,000 battleship receives hardly enough salary to send his children to college. It may be a good idea to scrap the navy, although another conference to that end is not likely to be held for some time. It is wholly short-sighted, however, to scrap the personnel and not the navy itself. Just this is happening.

▸▸*Another World War*

IT WILL NOT continue to happen if many Americans agree with Professor Burns of Glasgow. Speaking at Williamstown, Britain's former Minister of Reconstruction, and well-known philosopher, gave it as his opinion that another World War will break out between 1935 and 1940 unless European nations radically change their attitude in the next five years. He based this dark prophecy on the similarity of the European scene today and that of 1909, five years before the World War.

Proportionally the same great sums of money are being spent on armaments. The same system of supporting treaties for mutual defense by loans to the smaller countries with which to buy armaments is in force. Just as in 1907 France lent money to Serbia with which Serbia bought French guns and ammunition, so today France lends money to Poland and Jugo-Slavia for the purchase of airplanes and artillery. In 1907 Germany, then France's foe, was doing for Bulgaria what the French were doing for Serbia. Today Italy has taken Germany's place as France's rival and in supplying Hungary with arms.

The Professor selected the date of 1935 because by 1935 France's great cement fortresses along the German border will be completed and also the new defenses on the Italian border. Other nations are also completing their armaments so as to be ready by 1935, with the result that after that date only a spark, such as the murder of an archduke provided in 1914, will be needed to light the conflagration.

▸▸*Helen-at-Home*

WHENCE CAME Mrs. Helen Wills Moody's decision not to play for the women's national tennis championship makes little difference. Athletic, journalistic and matrimonial influences have all been cited. Some experts claim that the twenty-four-year-old player looked out on foggy San Francisco, unmasked her poker face and told her husband, "Freddy, I'm staying home." Others maintain that Frederick J. Moody Jr., having read certain recent exposures of mountebanking tennis champions, glanced across the breakfast table and said, "Helen, you're staying home." These are trivialities. The point is that when the title rounds opened at Forest Hills, Mrs. Moody was not there. That her withdrawal left the title open

Keystone

SETTLING DOWN

Helen Wills Moody at her home in San Francisco

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to some presumptuous foreigners is a question for the hundred-per-centers. Helen had won the trophy for six consecutive years. She had just returned with the English and French championships. She had enough silver bowls to outfit a dozen trophy rooms.

Within a day or two after the decision was announced, the will of former Senator John D. Phelan of San Francisco was filed for probate. Proud of his state, Senator Phelan felt that Helen had brought it additional glory. So he left her the sum of $20,000. Immediately the question arose as to whether this might damage Mrs. Moody's amateur standing. But since she is not to play for the moment, an issue will probably not be made of it. The question, if there is one, is rather whether she can properly accept the bequest, for "winning the tennis championship for California." Which is a Californian's view of Our Helen's tennis.

▸▸*The New York Stage*

On Sunday, August 10, Cardinal Hayes of the New York Archdiocese, formally launched an attack on the New York stage. Through the Catholic Theatre Movement, of which His Eminence is President, it was set forth that Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and the more classical production, *Lysistrata,* had brought new shame to New York. Mgr. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said these two productions demonstrated "a very inferior opinion of the taste and character of the fine men and women" who visited New York in the summer.

On Monday, August 11, the Right Reverend William T. Manning, Episcopal Bishop for New York, was "thankful to know of Cardinal Hayes's crusade." On the same day Rabbi Stephen Wise, a third distinguished New York cleric, said he spoke "for the best intelligence and the high standards of my people" in pledging support to any movement which would fumigate the drama or, as he put it, "again make the theatre a place of enchantment and beauty rather than a cesspool."

On Tuesday, August 12, however, the Grand Jury declined to indict Earl Carroll, a comedian, and two young women for alleged obscenities in the current *Vanities.* Carroll had been held for trial after Acting Police Captain James J. Coy, of blessed name, had blushingly related in a Magistrate's Court details of a "fan dance." He also described a window dressing scene in which chorus-girl clothes dummies were dressed for the edification of "the fine men and women" who swarm to New York. Carroll demanded a jury trial, which requires an indictment. The Grand Jury refused to return it.

So, another attempt to censor the stage fails. The Catholic Theatre Movement, distressingly naïve about the men and women who visit New York, erred sadly in attacking *Lysistrata* and the *Vanities* in the same breath. *Lysistrata,* in its translation by Gilbert Seldes, is broad, bawdy, animal humor. It is honest. If it is offensive, then so is the humor in *Romeo and Juliet.* But Earl Carroll, as always, offers the cheap and humorless. The *Vanities* is a beautiful, gorgeous spectacle. But its so-called humorous skits are for immature minds.

Remarkable Remarks

The appropriation of public money is always perfectly lovely until some one is asked to pay the bill.—Calvin Coolidge.

President Hoover has kept his campaign pledges to the American people.—Senator Simeon D. Fess.

Business will get better but we won't know it when it does.—Henry Ford.

It may be possible to buy certain elections but you cannot buy Illinois landslides.—Ruth Hanna McCormick.

The present degradation of the stage is a calamity and a reflection upon all of us.—Right Rev. William T. Manning.

I sometimes think theatre folk the only real mid-Victorians left.—Channing Pollock.

Poverty would fade into insignificance with me could I have a lot of children. In me is pent up all the mother love that wasn't bestowed upon me as a child.—Clara Bow.

When you are too old to play golf you had better die.—The Prince of Wales.

▸▸*No Balloon Trousers*

On a warm August day, standing under the white Mexican sunlight in the square at Orizaba, State of Vera Cruz, Señor Julio López Silva declaimed against the prevalence of American fashions in Mexico. Señor Silva made so fiery an address that word of it crept into the columns of *La Prensa* of Mexico City.

Mexico for the Mexicans! was the general tenor of his remarks. But he gave particular attention to an increasing tendency toward American clothes, not on the part of the women, but the men. He became particularly warm in denouncing balloon trousers, a recent importation. They were ugly, hideous.

Well, fashions doubtless travel slowly across the cactus hills of Mexico. Balloon trousers? Why, they belonged to the Age of Coolidge. We recall that day when the President saw them, his emphatic disapproval. Is Mexico the final destination of second-hand clothes? We recall a shop in a side-street of a village in Central New York, a hundred miles from Ithaca. A sign in the window read: "Snappy Clothes. Once worn by Cornell Students." Perhaps Mexico —we commend the idea to Señor Silva for his next speech—will erect a tariff wall against Kollege Kut Klothes.

▸▸*League of Nations*

In utterly remote places, in regions with fantastic names where dwell fantastic races, war continues to rage. There is fighting in the Kipling Country, at Peshawar near the Khyber Pass. Tommy Atkins again goes forth to meet the tribesmen, but now he goes with airplanes and repeating rifles.

These who fight against the British are no allies of Gandhi, and so—at this distance—it is all the more confusing. They are Afghan tribes. They have attacked Peshawar in the belief that the British were busy with troubles caused by the Apostle of Nonresistance. They are Moslems, and they detest Gandhi.

War, or the Chinese version of it, continues in the Far East also. American, British and Japanese warships continue to watch at Hankow, but the United States will continue its policy of refusing to join any European intervention. The talk about Red armies sweeping on toward Nanking continues. The Nanking government appears demoralized. But there is, as yet, no definite indication that Moscow has anything to do with it.

Against this background, the League of Nations will assemble at Geneva on September 5, for its sixtieth session. Many topics will come before it, among them a report on Palestine by the Mandates Committee. The test has not been made public, but it is said that severe criticism of Great Britain is voiced. The League will also take up slavery, narcotics, and a complaint by Lithuania that Poland has violated an administrative agreement.

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There is nothing to indicate that the sessions of the League will arouse any great interest even though complaints have been received at Geneva that the J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York plans to use slave labor in construction work in Abyssinia. This has been formally denied. Interest during the next few weeks will center, rather, on the Imperial Conference to be held in London in September. Canada and Australia will ask for tariffs on American importations. New Zealand may ask duties on wool. The ever-troublesome Indian question will be considered.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE grave doubts if the American Congress acquired much prestige in Europe—and it has little enough at home—from the antics of some of its delegates to the recent London meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, which is an international debating society designed to promote good will and mutual admiration among the nations. The reports of our unofficial observers seem to warrant the suggestion that Congress set up qualifications for Americans going abroad as well as for Europeans coming in.

The delegation to London, we hear, consisted of two sorts of Americans sure to be found a few thousand miles from home. There were those who aped our British cousins as well as those who wore their nationality as a chip upon their shoulder. Such excusable eccentricities, we realize, may be expected in the casual globe-trotter, but we are surprised to find them in Uncle Sam's official representatives to an international conference.

In the first group, we understand, should be placed Senator Henry Ashurst, the cowboy-Senator from Arizona. Hardly had his feet touched foreign soil, we learn, before his good Arizonian accent turned Anglican and became quite unrecognizable. Indeed, we hear that he mistook Representative Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, for a Britisher, and tested out his broad "a's" and missing "h's" on his fellow-American, much to the surprise of the Jerseyman, who was sure that he had seen Mr. Ashurst before and heard him assailing apostles of internationalism in tones slightly less stilted.

The Right Honorable Sol Bloom, of New York City, we are informed, did the honors for Uncle Sam in a big-hearted way. Sol has ever been a hundred per center since he constructed the midway plaisance as his contribution to Chicago's wondrous World's Fair, which was supposed to celebrate America's coming of age. We know that "Nick" Longworth seeks to belittle these achievements by insisting at dinner parties that Sol simply managed the serpentine dancers' tent, but this is merely the Speaker's idea of a joke.

The Detroit News

The irrepressible American

Even so, Sol has lately given still more convincing proof of his patriotism, for, as chairman of the Congressional committee in charge of the bi-centennial observance of George Washington's birthday, he permitted the distribution of automobile tire covers bearing the picture of the "Father of his Country."

It is, to our mind, regrettable that Premier Ramsay MacDonald had not heard of this episode, since in that event he would have known that hero worship assumes many forms. The British statesman might have responded with an understanding smile when the Congressman asserted that Washington's photograph also hung in the British Foreign Office at 10 Downing Street. It may have been that Sol's persistence perturbed the patient Premier, for we hear he replied in determined manner that Mr. Bloom was most decidedly mistaken. We cannot believe the kindly Ramsay lost his temper, but if he did, we understand Sol squared accounts with the retort that "if it didn't hang there, it certainly ought to." Now, we suppose, the enterprising Congressman will introduce a joint resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that a painting of King George III be placed in the Red Room of the White House.

For this unfortunate occurrence, however, we hear that Mr. Bloom made amends at the official dinner given to the delegation by Ambassador Dawes at the Embassy. It was a restrained affair, we understand, and conversation lagged in a manner quite repugnant to a breezy Broadwayite. So Mr. Bloom stepped into the silence with a few parlor tricks that, willy-nilly, attracted the attention of those seated near him. Though these required considerable table-thumping, it seems that the performer's place at dinner was not sufficiently prominent to attract the Ambassador's eye. Being an expert showman, Sol remedied this by walking front and center, gripping Mr. Dawes' fingers and guiding them through a demonstration that all might see and hear.

We do not profess to know what the Ambassador thought of this performance, but in view of his own habit of stealing the show at inaugurations and lesser affairs, he must have sympathized.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, we are sorry to report, did not achieve the success with her captured celebrity, Miss Fannie Hurst, that the charms of these two ladies merited. The famous authoress was denied the privileges of the "ladies of the delegation," seemingly because the serious statesmen who chaperoned the group did not recognize her true worth. When her name was mentioned, Chairman Montague could not place it. Representative Burton French could not recall whether she had written sports or society gossip for "some newspaper." But Miss Hurst, we hear, staged a fictional recovery at the Irish Free State's reception. Beautifully attired in a flaming red gown, she made so striking a picture that a native observer was led to remark: "Begorrah, if one of them foreigners hasn't come to the ball in her red nightshirt!"

In all sincerity we are glad to see the itinerant internationalists back again.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Birth Control and the Church ◀◀

MUCH of the current discussion of the social changes being wrought by birth control is founded upon mistaken notions. One erroneous idea, apparently widely held, is that there has been perfected any such thing as a scientific, one hundred per cent method of birth control. Another erroneous notion is the belief, also widely held, that any such discovery or invention in itself is good or evil. Any one who has thought even superficially about human conduct, knows that any invention or discovery depends for its moral value upon the use to which it is put, not on the character of the invention itself. When language was invented, falsehood became possible. When gunpowder was discovered, weapons appeared which could be used to murder. When the automobile became a household possession, illicit rendezvous became a possibility. Inevitably it follows that when a fairly competent method of birth control is discovered, promiscuous sexual relations are unavoidably made easier. Just as inevitably also does it become clear for the thousandth time in the history of mankind, that suppression of the new discovery is useless and that education in its proper moral use is a necessity. Governments maintain social order and security with weapons which destroy with gunpowder. Automobiles are responsible for much of the present pleasure and efficiency of civilization. Birth control can be made one of mankind's most valuable aids toward controlling its destiny and achieving health and happiness.

▶▶ MANY people view it with alarm and cry out against it. Our popular magazines are full of wails over its effects on the morals of a large group of our young people. Yet, it was Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who declared in this magazine over a year ago, that, "Any minister or physician, who in intimate conference with all sorts of folk discovers what is going on, knows well the manifold misuses to which the new contraceptive information is being put. But the more one knows the more obvious becomes the futility of suppressive measures. Suppression is only befuddling the situation, driving it under ground, preventing healthy and normal ethical teaching about it, and the longer suppression continues the worse the situation is going to be. Instead of further suppressive measures a positive attitude is urgent, if we are to arrive at any hopeful outcome."

▶▶ Now comes the Lambeth conference of bishops of the world-wide Anglican Church to vote by 193 to 67 in favor of lifting the church ban hitherto in effect against the practice. Says their statement, "Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood the method must be decided on Christian principles. The primary and obvious method is complete abstinence. Nevertheless in those cases where there is such clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence the conference agrees that other methods may be used provided this is done in the light of the same Christian principles. The conference records strong condemnation of the use of any methods of birth control from selfishness, luxury or mere convenience."

▶▶ THIS is a hopeful sign of the times. To be sure, the good bishops do not state very clearly precisely what the Christian principles involved are. Also, the conference was not unanimous in its view of the subject. There is reason to believe that the conference reversed itself over its decision of ten years ago because the majority of the delegates this year are married, whereas in 1920 the bachelors preponderated over the married episcopate. Many of the conservative delegates wept when the vote was announced. Yet, in its essence, the declaration is a step in the right direction. The conference calls for church councils to study the problems of sex and to see that boys and girls are properly instructed in their homes to prepare them for the responsibilities of adult life. On the general subject of sex, the conference believes that conditions of modern life call for a fresh statement from the Christian church. "The functions of sex are a God-given factor in human life," says the resolution, "and are essentially noble and creative." It is a long cry from "born in sin" to such a statement. It is a long step from viewing sex itself as sin, except under the blessing of the church, and from banning all knowledge or discussion of the subject, to church councils which shall study the whole problem. To boldly apply the point of view of Jesus to sex and the physical love relationship is an adventure not yet embarked upon by any church. The Lambeth bishops have gone as far as they could be expected to go.

▶▶ NATURALLY much can be said in favor of birth control from the standpoint of economics and the control of population. But it is in its individual aspect that the subject interests most Americans. Moreover, it is this aspect of the bishops' pronouncement which will rouse the most bitter controversy and religious dissension. Yet, where marriage is concerned, disregarding all the cant and hypocrisy which enwraps the subject, we think that most intelligent American men and women will agree that under certain circumstances and conditions, varying from considerations of economics to that of physical health itself, the husband who allows his wife to conceive child after child merely in order to gratify his emotions, is a selfish husband and no more his wife's protector than if he allowed a criminal to enter his house and murder his family. Love which expresses itself physically does not uselessly endanger the beloved's life nor make the finest emotion of which humanity is capable an excuse for selfishness. Birth control as an intelligent aid to the expression of love is not to be attacked. For the rest, home education in the value of ethics as well as in the character of love itself is needed.

The Editors

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▶▶ Compromise in California ◀◀

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

CALIFORNIA this month is witnessing a legal spectacle unique in the annals of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. Before a court that is not a court, with no precedents for guidance, with rules of evidence and procedure devised "informally" as each emergency suggests, the famous Mooney-Billings Preparedness Day murder cases are receiving a virtual retrial.

This curious judicial anomaly is made possible by a California constitutional provision requiring the indorsement of a majority of the state supreme court justices to the clemency applications of two-time felons. Nominally, the court is sitting as the Governor's advisory committee on the pardon application of Warren K. Billings, one of the Preparedness Day prisoners. With the approval of all concerned, Governor Young, Mooney, Billings and their lawyers, it has expanded its committee labors into a "searching investigation" of all the circumstances surrounding the trial convictions of Mooney and Billings for the Preparedness Day bombing outrage fourteen years ago.

It is examining surviving trial witnesses who choose to appear voluntarily. It is examining others who are willing to testify regarding the trial witnesses' original testimony, their personal probity, their subsequent repudiations. The bars appear to be all down so far as admissibility is concerned. The court is admitting everything into the record which attorneys for on either side of the case represent as plausibly pertinent. It is seeking to find out whether Billings and Thomas J. Mooney in 1916 and 1917 were fairly and logically convicted. Nine years ago this same court felt itself forced to refuse Mooney a new trial on the ground that the conviction record contained no technical errors. The present process has been hailed with delight by all sufferers from the political embarrassments of the Mooney-Billings controversy as a new trial's best substitute.

THE INFORMALITY of the proceedings has produced some curious paradoxes. On the first two days of the hearings Chief Justice W. H. Waste had to admonish spectators not to rise when the justices entered since this was "no court session." For the same reason contempt is out of the question. Estelle Smith, a trial witness against Billings and ex-prostitute, was thus able to refuse to answer a question about her present occupation and place of residence, and get away with it. "I'd rather not say here on the stand," she murmured coyly, "but I'd be glad to tell you gentlemen privately." The august justices had to bear the grins of the crowd with lip-biting solemnity. Nor were rebukes in order when Miss Smith leaned toward Associate Justice John W. Preston, examining, and gushed with eager condescension: "Why, Mister, if you were in jail for life, don't you suppose I'd be your friend and do all in my power to get you out?"

On the other hand, the court's decorum has tended to melt at times in the precedentless atmosphere. "You keep your snoot out of this," was one of Justice Preston's classic remarks to a defense attorney seeking to interrupt a question.

The informality also takes time. Witnesses are examined by the court, by representatives of the defunct 1916 district attorney's staff of San Francisco which prosecuted Mooney and Billings, by the defense. When long cross-examinations are entered into concerning the credibility of the evidence bearing on certain witnesses' repudiations of their trial evidence, the complexity of the "retrial" proceedings becomes apparent. It is generally conceded that the supreme court's unique experiment has many days to go yet—possibly weeks.

Fundamentally, though, the "searching investigation" has reduced the Mooney-Billings dilemma to a single question. Were Estelle Smith and John MacDonald, the recanting ex-waiter from Baltimore, credible witnesses in 1916?

Billings was convicted on Estelle's and MacDonald's testimony plus that of the now discarded Mrs. and Miss Edeau. Mooney was convicted on MacDonald's plus that of the admittedly discredited Oxman. The problem is no less complicated because both Estelle and MacDonald in the recent hearings have substantially "blown up" as repudiation witnesses. MacDonald's stories of how he was prompted to identify Mooney and Billings as the men with the bomb suitcase at Steuart and Market Streets just before the Preparedness Day explosion have been contradicted on important factual points by the police, by the defense, and even by MacDonald himself. On two separate days at the hearings he gave totally conflicting, though in each circumstantially convincing, accounts of being both drunk and sober at the explosion scene. Estelle has virtually recanted her doubts of her Billings' identification and testified that a 1929 affidavit expressing them was the result of thirteen years of persuasion from Fremont Older and the Mooney defense leaders.

Yet in "blowing up" as repudiators these witnesses have come very nearly, as court-room spectators see it, to "blowing up" their credibility as trial witnesses. MacDonald, for instance, from across crowded Steuart street saw two men deposit a suitcase near a wall under conditions of practical visual impossibility. Yet practically all the things that are on record as having occurred while he was at the fatal corner—parade bands, the order of the marching divisions, the cries of the explosion victims—he saw, or heard, wrong. Estelle has testified to Older's persuasions. Yet she also has testified that she consented to testify to Billings' presence at her dentist employer's office because "the doctor" wanted to get some newspaper publicity out of it for his practice and that she stuck to her story only after District Attorney Charles M. Fickert had threatened her with from two to three years in jail as a material witness.

THE supreme court's only "out" then is to set forth in its final report on the proceedings that the defense has failed to disprove Estelle's and MacDonald's credibility as witnesses in 1916; that, whatever has happened to their conviction-carrying qualities since, they were honorable and trustworthy ex-prostitute and unemployed waiter respectively at trial time and that a jury uncontaminated with war and labor struggle prejudices believed them; that therefore Billings, in whose case the legal presumption of guilt has already been established by his conviction, must stay in prison for the rest of his life. The state advisory pardon board can copy this rationalization in the case of Mooney, and the Preparedness Day controversy will be, as the saying goes, "settled."

(Please Turn to Page 677)

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Eyes on Long-Term Normal

OUR present business dyspepsia is due to a number of things, not the least of which is our characteristically American propensity to expect every year to be "bigger and better" than the preceding one. This fetish was back of our boom-period craze for volume, which blinded us completely to the fundamental fact that the purpose of business is not gross sales but net profits.

This insistence on making every year bigger, if not better, than the preceding one is bound to get us into trouble, and this time it certainly has. A considerable proportion of our current gloom is directly chargeable to disparaging comparisons of 1929 with 1928, which was, in many respects, a boom year. The same mistake is being repeated in interpreting totals for the first half of 1930.

What are the facts? Fortunately one important financial institution, the National City Bank of New York, has presented them as they should be interpreted—from the long-range point of view. In spite of serious internal difficulties in Europe, India and China, our actual industrial production has been "substantially above the low point of 1924 and not much under the average of the past seven years."

While profits were 25% under 1929, they were only 3% below 1928, which was an exceptional year in many lines of business. The second half of 1930 may yet show greater profits than the second half of 1927. A large number of industrial concerns showed better profits in the first six months of 1930 than in the corresponding period of 1929. One of our chief troubles today is that we don't know how well off we are.

Sinclair Follows G. M.

NO SUBJECT discussed on this page has developed more "reader interest" than the brief account in the May 21 issue of the General Motors plan for simplification of its capital structure. Another important development in the same direction has been announced by the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation, in connection with the carrying out of its huge expansion program which is now under way.

The Sinclair plan has the simplicity which generally goes with bigness. It involves the sale to the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, for $72,500,000 cash, of one-half interest in the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company and the Sinclair Pipe Line Company, and the acquisition of three new units. These are the Prairie Pipe Line Company, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company and the Tide Water Associated Oil Company.

Sinclair Consolidated will soon call, for redemption, its preferred stock, of which $15,177,500 was outstanding on May 26. It will also pay off its issue of three-year 6% Series D bonds. These are outstanding in the amount of $15,462,500, and when they mature on September 1, they will not be refunded.

The preferred stock which is being retired is an 8% issue, carrying heavy sinking fund obligations and the provision that if the interest is in default for two years the preferred stock holders may take over the operation of the company. These conditions are considered by the present management as unfavorable to proper expansion, and it appears unlikely that preferred stock will figure in the company's financing for some time.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 14—83.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 14—76.7.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 2—918,335 cars (reduction of 1,014 under preceding week and of 187,585 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 9—56% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and 37% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 9—daily average gross 2,480,350 barrels (reduction of 34,950 under preceding week and of 415,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended August 9—2,112,000 bushels (reduction of 2,004,000 under preceding week and of 1,687,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 14—$8,870,342,000 (reduction of 14% under preceding week and of 28.6% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 14—441 (reduction of 11 under preceding week; increase of 73 over same week of 1929).

Premature Golf

ENTER, with banners and putters, a new major industry. It is best known as "Tom Thumb golf," but Will Rogers, as usual, has provided the perfect characterization and dubbed it with the title used as a caption to these paragraphs. "Miniature," "pony" and "baby" golf have also been suggested, but the designation of the Sage of Claremore seems most likely to stick.

As to its being really a major industry, the Department of Commerce has estimated that there are at least 25,000 of the toy courses in operation, of which 15,000 have been built since January. The Department puts the investment to date at the astounding figure of $125,000,000.

From the economic point of view, this new and sudden development is significant chiefly because of the demand it is creating for labor and materials. The cotton industry is getting some much needed and entirely unexpected help because of the large quantities of duck and canvas that are being required for enclosures.

As a move toward giving the innovation respectability, officials of a Methodist church in New Jersey have opened an 18-hole "Tom Thumb" course a few blocks from their church building, and announced their intention of using the profits to pay off the congregation's debt and build an addition to the present church edifice. Judging by the way the miniature courses are crowded, there are still some people left who have money to spend. Thus far we have seen no announcement that playing may be done on instalment terms or open book account.

Really a New Book

THE caption for this review is cribbed from the jacket, for two reasons. One is that the publishers are entitled to credit for a good slogan, and the other is that Gordon S. Watkins' *Labor Problems* (Thomas Y. Crowell $3.50) is, since the original 1922 edition has been completely revised and reset, really a new book.

The material is divided into eight parts, which is a good many, but the division is logical and the treatment spirited throughout. Part I deals with the nature and development of labor problems; II with technological factors; III, psychological aspects; IV, economic and social phases; V, the labor movement; VI, employers; VII, methods of industrial peace; VIII, international control. This was not an easy book to write, but the author did a good job because he feels, as well as thinks, about labor.

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The Building Signal

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

CONSTRUCTION activity, and especially residential building, is one of the things on which the business forecasters today are keeping a keen eye, because of its close relation to the revival of trade and industry. At the conferences of business leaders at the White House last December after the big break in the stock market especial attention was devoted to plans for stimulating new construction as a means of preventing depression.

The effect of this emphasis upon building as a means of stabilizing business during a difficult period is now seen in data of contracts awarded for building by utility companies and various public bodies during the first half of 1930. These contracts show an increase of 40 per cent in value as compared with the corresponding months of 1929, and they are the largest on record for this type of construction during any half-year. In spite of this great gain by public works and utilities, the total building contracts awarded were 13 per cent below those for the same period of 1929. Contracts for all building other than for public works and utilities declined 26 per cent, and contracts for residential building alone showed a decline of 47 per cent.

The value of the stimulus given to enlarged programs for utilities and public works thus becomes evident. Of course, we can never know exactly how much of this increase was actually due to the appeal made at the White House conferences. There might have been nearly as much construction of this sort if there had been no such appeal, and then again there might not. In view, however, of the decline in all other lines of construction it seems reasonable to assume that the conferences of last winter did have a very definite effect in stimulating one sort of building which otherwise might have declined along with the rest.

In any event, by carrying their building operations to a new peak within the next six months after the conferences, utility companies and various government agencies have provided work for a large number of people, not only in the building trades but in other businesses whose welfare is closely linked with the building industry. The butcher and the baker, as well as the steel-worker and the cement-maker, have benefited. It is true that business depression has not been prevented, but its effects have been tempered in some degree by a 40 per cent increase in one line of activity, when recessions have prevailed nearly everywhere else.

This record construction obviously has been pushed forward in anticipation of normal requirements and therefore has little significance as an indicator of the future trend of general business. It is a palliative for depression rather than a response to forces making for renewed business expansion. For signs of business recovery a watch should be kept on residential building, which has not been subjected to any special form of stimulation. Here the indications of a revival are still absent.

GENERAL building operations passed their peak in the autumn of 1928, a full year before the break in the stock market, and since then they have been slowly receding. In July of this year the amount of contracts awarded was 44 per cent less than in the same month a year ago, and was even 35 per cent below that of July, 1925. The big bull market in stocks clearly had something to do with the slump in building last year by absorbing funds for speculation which might have been available for financing construction.

Toward the end of 1929 mortgage loans were almost unobtainable, except by large construction companies enjoying favored credit positions. Not only were various expense charges piled upon the maximum legal rate of interest, but real estate began to be appraised more conservatively as security for mortgage loans, indicating that banks and other lenders had become convinced that under the recent activity in building values had been carried too high. The slump in the stock market, therefore, was not the sole cause of the slump in building; there had been a widespread boom in building as well as in stocks.

Except in the peculiar case of Florida, the boom in real estate and building failed to attract as much attention as the more spectacular activity of the stock market, but it was no minor affair. It was due in part to the postponement of construction during the War years. There were signs of its coming soon after the armistice, but the depression of 1920-21 caused its postponement. By 1922, however, it was in full blast.

It then appeared that overbuilding has as much barometric significance as underbuilding. Prices of materials began to soar; labor was accused of "soldiering;" an acute car shortage developed, hampering production and causing buyers to place identical orders with several firms with the expectation of canceling all others as soon as one of the sellers made delivery. The increasing evidence of inflation caused much uneasiness at Washington, and in March, 1923, Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, addressed a formal letter to President Harding asking that the government undertake no new work and slow down the work in progress, except where there was urgent need, until the situation had become easier.

The American Construction Council gave similar advice to private builders and also suggested that banks refuse to finance speculative building until the tension was relieved. These warnings had a salutary effect. There was no check to residential construction because an acute housing shortage still existed, but there was a substantial decline in commercial and industrial construction. The industry thus got a needed breathing spell and set things in order for a new start.

The story of what occurred in 1929 and 1930 has already been told. The matter of prime importance now is when the present stagnation in residential building will pass. In some types of construction the larger cities are overbuilt—one product of the earlier boom—and this condition is still to be corrected. At the same time there is a shortage of moderate-priced apartments. The lower prices of building materials and the large available supply of labor offers some hope that builders will soon give more attention to construction of this character.

Meantime, the high interest rates which had such a retarding effect a year ago have also begun to recede in the financial centers, though not to the same extent as the rates on commercial paper. We are thus slowly approaching conditions favoring a resumption of normal construction, and as building contracts always indicate future industrial activity they will be closely watched by all who are interested in the recovery of business.

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▶▶ Hugenberg, Hindenburg, Hitler ◀◀

By **T. R. YBARRA**

PARIS.

ON THE course taken by the Three Big H's of Germany—Hugenberg, Hindenburg, Hitler—during the next few months, depends largely the history of Europe during the next few years. At least, so it seems now, on the eve of the German elections of September 14th, the result of which will show whether the German Republic is really going to follow that "trend toward the right" which is causing such extreme nervousness to so many European political wiseacres, especially here in France.

If it does, it seems safe to guess that two of the Big H's—Hugenberg and Hitler—will be largely responsible. If it does not, it seems also a safe guess to assume that one reason for German failure to stampede right-ward—that is, toward monarchism and reaction and a foreign policy not at all conciliatory—will be the third Big H of Germany—Field Marshal von Hindenburg, President of the German Republic.

Once again old Hindenburg may fool nationalistic prophets in the Fatherland. When he was elected President five years ago, they joyfully prophesied that he would help turn the German Republic away from democracy and toward monarchism. But he didn't.

If Hindenburg continues to construe his oath of loyalty to the German Republic as meaning that he must not favor the rightward trend, he will thereby put a spoke in the wheel of that movement which may seriously hamper its progress or even stop it completely. On the other hand, if he decides that the moment has come for the assertion of ultra-nationalism in Germany—and many observers suspect that he has—his attitude will be of enormous advantage to ultra-nationalistic agitators.

Among these agitators none are more prominent and influential than Hugenberg and Hitler.

The former has set himself consistently against everything resembling reconciliation with Germany's World War enemies. He is a millionaire. He is the owner of a news agency and a whole string of newspapers. He is a moving-picture magnate. He has his finger in various other pies. And, through his millions, and his newspapers, and his "boiler-plate" supplied to other newspapers, and his film ventures, and in every other way in his power, he has worked to undermine the policy so consistently followed by the late Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister in many Cabinets.

This policy, boiled down to its essentials, consisted in firmly clutching the hand of Monsieur Aristide Briand of France and sallying forth to put salt on the tail of the Dove of Peace. That policy is not for Hugenberg. He doesn't like Monsieur Aristide Briand. He doesn't want to put salt on the tail of the Dove of Peace. On the contrary, there are those who believe that he would like to wring that gentle bird's neck.

Hugenberg it was who entered the lists as the bitterest foe of the Young Plan. He it was who instituted the referendum in Germany against that Plan. The referendum was a fiasco, but somehow Hugenberg has managed to survive the serious blow dealt him by the Young Plan's success. He it was who was largely responsible for the conflict last month between the German Government and the Reichstag, which resulted in the dissolution of that body. Now he is confidently hoping that the powers of disruption in Germany, of which he is an acknowledged leader, will profit from the new elections which that dissolution entails.

If there is a rightward trend, Hugenberg will gain. If there is not, he will devise new means of bothering the German Republic, as at present constituted.

And that brings us to Hitler.

Those who were in Germany in the first years after the War heard a great deal about Hitler. He was the demigod of the German irreconcilables. He wanted no stretching of the hand of friendship to France, no admission of German defeat or war-guilt. He represented refusal to pay reparations, preparation for "revanche." He was the sworn foe of the German Republic.

After a while, Hitler's activities got him into such hot water with the republican government of Germany that he found himself practically in open rebellion against it. He went into hiding. The government ferreted him out of his hiding-place. It locked him up. Then he was released from prison, but politely told to get out of Germany and stay out of it. Eventually, however, the government let bygones be bygones and allowed Hitler to return.

For some time little was heard of him. During the Stresemann era of reconciliation with the Allies Hitler could make little headway. The gains brought to Germany by Stresemann were so positive, so visible to the naked eye, that there was little opportunity for such extremists as Hitler. Against such tangible achievements as persuading the French to get out of the Ruhr, as coaxing them to get out of the Rhineland five years before the time-limit set in the Treaty of Versailles, what could Hitler do, with his nebulous dream of revenge against the victors of the War, to be wreaked by a disarmed, weakened and improverished Germany?

Since Stresemann's death, however, he has raised his head again. He has won back much of his prestige of the first post-war era. And if the coming elections register a strong trend rightward in Germany—as the majority of students of the situation predict they will—Hitler is sure to gain enormously in prestige and power.

Already his voice has been raised in pre-election fulminations. Already he has thundered denunciation of the republicans of Germany, of the "clique of November 9th"—that is, of those Germans who, on the eve of the 1918 Armistice, deemed Germany's position hopeless and worked for an immediate cessation of hostilities. For them Hitler has no use whatever. They, to him, are the Germans who dealt the German armies at the front that "Dolchstoss im Rücken"—that "stab in the back"—which ended their resistance to the onrushing armies of the Allies.

The "Dolchstoss!" How strangely that word falls, in 1930, on ears only too well accustomed to it in 1920! How effectively did Gustav Stresemann squelch those Germans who, before his era, were so addicted to using it.

But, with Stresemann gone, Hitler is finding no difficulty in reviving it. To Hugenberg, also, it has no musty, archaic sound.

The irreconcilables of 1920 are on the warpath again in 1930. Hugenberg would like nothing better than to throttle liberal republicanism in Germany. Hitler would like nothing better than to put an end to the Republic.

And Hindenburg? Will he help them? That is the question.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

IN THE close image of some small quarter of the earth all life is reflected. A tiny community carries, to its own capacity, the burden of conflict and thwarted vitality which is the heritage of the world. So the story of *Shepherds in Sackcloth,* by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper & Bros. $2.50), mirrors the changing trends of religious feeling in an English country parish and their pull upon the rector. So, too, it mirrors the changeless trends of youth's passion and the patience that comes with age. Mr. Bennet, the priest, and his wife, living for twenty-five years in gentle harmony, have devoted themselves, quite simply, to tempering the wind to their shorn flock. Once, in his youth, when the rector had come to the bed of a dying woman expecting to hear her ask for the Sacrament and she had asked instead for "tapioca pudding," he had needed to muster all his strength to quell the tide of disillusion which threatened to sink him. Now, after his long years of service, he has learned to accept without bitterness the fact that to his parishioners the care of their bodies comes before the care of their souls. However, when Theresa Silk, fiery-headed, half-gypsy niece of the lady who lives in the Squire's house, falls in love with a peasant evangelist, Mr. Bennet is beset with misgivings. He wants Theresa's soul. He tries to reach it through friendship. While he lingers and delays to talk to her of God, her young blood carries her to grief. It is not until she lies dying that he speaks to her of the spirit. " 'God,' said Theresa, and the way she said it made Mr. Bennet feel cold. In that word, spoken as she spoke it in anguished, incredulous disgust, seemed to lie the whole rebuke of his ministry, and not only of his but of every priest who had ever ministered." Theresa's death is the crux in Mr. Bennet's spiritual development. Although he does not lose faith in God, his faith in himself begins to break. From then on the waves of disappointment batter him, and with each effort to recover footing, he grows weaker. At last he is a shattered old man, while the young evangelist, limp at first from Theresa's death and his share in it, slowly achieves a spiritual power to awaken people. It is his turn to kindle souls. The rector's battle has ended. Thus, intimately, you learn the double thrust of life toward physical and psychic fulfillment. Along the surface of these currents run the slow days of the community, bound together and hemmed in by their dependence on the soil and by their dependence on their pastor. The book is rounded, replete with detail. Because it is real, it bites deep into your sympathy. It leads you, perhaps, into a world alien in its preoccupation with doctrines, creeds, and church ceremony, in its tremendous ignoring of the universe. Yet this little world soars above its own limitations, as Miss Kaye-Smith describes it, and you find yourself at the center of humanity. You know that she is giving you the truth.

An illustration from "Jungle Babies" by Mrs. Martin Johnson (Putnam)

It is a moot question whether or not heredity will breed a family all branded with the same villainy. A dark stain of temper, of vice, or of weakness may pass from father to son, may skip a generation to reappear in a grandchild, but that nine out of ten people of the same blood should develop identical characters seems hard to believe. This, nevertheless, is the case in the Vrooman family whose evil doings and fanged tongues make the rough bed of David McCloud's story, *The Wives of Men* (Longmans, Green & Co. $2). Gail Orcutt comes as the bride of Ben Stresser, son of a Vrooman woman, to the village of Stony Valley in the west. Tender, young Gail, the sentimentalist, has a good chance to see the flabby cruelties of her new relatives before she actually marries, but Ben's strong body overwhelms her fears. She plunges into a network of horror. Her mother-in-law dominates the neighborhood, boasting, spiteful, and shrewish as she is, and the weight of her will falls upon Gail with an ax-like finality. For seven long years the hours grind out their ugly tortures upon Gail's weeping, self-pitying person. She bears a son. She helps to bury her husband's two grandmothers whose lives were martyrdoms to their men and who were her only friends. Once, for an impassioned winter, she finds solace in the long looks of a curly-headed doctor, but just as she falls in love with him, she discovers that he, too, is a craven cad. Throughout her tribulations, the young woman continues to reassure herself, saying that to be a man's wife is a wonderful thing. It seems slim fare as the nagging days with an inarticulate husband who is forever picking his nails, drag by. However, after a series of more or less bloody events has taken place, Gail rides out of the town with Ben and her boy in their buggy to start afresh somewhere else. The macabre story of the Vroomans piles insult on injury in an unending display. Yet, in spite of the outward tragedy of circumstances and the grim compromises of these lives, you feel that the book is footling. It lacks a just mixture of characters and passions which mingle in the dish of life. It lacks the condiments of reality.

From Italy, whose present novels we know little about save the flamboyant exoticism of d'Annunzio, comes *The Trap,* by Delfino Cinelli (The John Day Company $2.50), introduced, explained, and extolled by Carl Van

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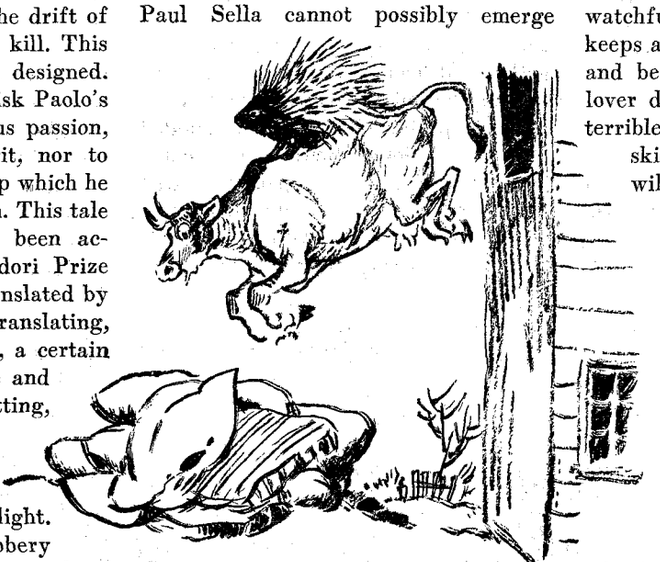
Doren. The trap itself is psychological, prompted by a man's just desire for revenge. It draws two people into mad actions which their emotions scarcely warrant. Yet in the chain of incidents leading up to the crux, it follows a certain inevitability. Paolo, fair young lord of Ciciano, a Tuscan town, finds his peace faintly ruffled by the beauty of Armida, wife of the store-keeper, nicknamed Crab. Paolo's gamekeeper, having for long months of silence nursed a great grievance against Crab, baits his master, arranges opportunities for him to gaze upon Armida's blushing ripeness. Crab is a lusty, cruel mountaineer, famed for poaching feats and famed for his jealous guard over his new wife. When he catches the drift of his lord's desires, he boils to kill. This is what the gamekeeper had designed. But he had not intended to risk Paolo's life, nor to lure him to serious passion, nor to break Armida's spirit, nor to destroy Crab utterly. The trap which he so carefully laid outstrips him. This tale by Signor Cinelli who has been acclaimed through the Mondadori Prize in his own country is also translated by the author. Perhaps, in the translating, it loses a certain importance, a certain weight. Yet it is picturesque and keen, stark in its remote setting, warm in its heady emotions. It swoops across your mind with the quite perfect, transient grace of a bird's flight.

Most murder and robbery stories have an unctuous tidiness about them which moves you to skepticism. The plot winds too surely toward a satisfying *dénouement*. Here, however, in *All in the Racket* (Charles Boni $1), you read a story based on facts collected by William Weeks, a Boston attorney, and dovetailed in collaboration with Edwin Seaver, which strikes the granite of reality. Without editorial comment, without controversial fireworks, this book makes a strong commentary on the proceedings of the United States judicial system with regard to criminals. In his introduction to the book, Arthur Garfield Hays says that "a defendant is assumed to be innocent until proven guilty, but when a victim is placed in a cage and the courtroom is guarded by deputies, when the whole atmosphere suggests that the defendant is a dangerous man, then the legal presumption, ordinarily of little value in fact, comes to mean absolutely nothing." This is in sum the *motif* of Mr. Weeks' story about a young man who, with a past career of shortcomings, officiated in a notable hold-up, and when finally caught, is convicted and electrocuted on the charge of a murder which took place as an aftermath of the robbery, but in which the young man had no share whatever. Mr. Weeks shows how a police inspector, a district attorney, a night-club manager, a dancer, and a doctor engaged in drug traffic, become tangled in the affairs of Paul Sella, the hold-up youth, and how bootlegging, cocaine trade, graft, and personal vengeance thrust themselves into the dramatic coil. With fearless disregard for our constables of the law he discloses their unreliability. He sets the scene for the final trial from which Paul Sella cannot possibly emerge



One of Kurt Wiese's drawings for "More To and Again," by Walter R. Brooks (Knopf)

alive. Apart from the sharp, unadorned actuality of the facts, coming, as they do, out of so sound a source, the theme has importance. While it is still possible, often inevitable, that an innocent person is found guilty and robbed of his life, at the mercy of a system which does not make way for the truth, we sit back to discuss the progress of our civilization since the days of witch-burnings, martyrdoms, and persecutions. Mr. Weeks also implies the tremendous impetus toward dishonesty given by prohibition. The boot-legging racket has added a new, perilous factor to the maze of crimes against the community. *All in the Racket,* brief, factual, and without psychological analyses, should take its place in the limelight with *An American Tragedy,* not necessarily for literary reasons, but as a true mirror held up to the social problems of our day.

There is such a thing as "good theatre" in novels as well as in plays and, however briefly, its glamor stirs you. Like a hot, sweet-scented night, it transfers you to a lush world of unreality where the color and tempo of the dreams it evokes are strange and perilously pleasant. In this way, *Gulf Stream,* by Marie Stanley (Coward-McCann $1.50), casts its short-lived spell around you. The gulf stream of Miss Stanley's tale is the voluptuous strain of mixed blood which brings to half Negro women their opaque beauty and their helpless undoing. Adele, daughter of a white man and a Negress from the fields, grows up in the protection of her old black aunt, Big Sis. In spite of Big Sis's watchfulness and her prayers, Adele keeps a dozen trysts with a white youth and becomes pregnant. Of course her lover deserts her. She is left with the terrible fear that, although her own skin has a creamy pallor, her baby's will be black. When it is born she refuses to look at it. The doctor finds her a job in a colony of French half-breeds to look after the exotic, flaming Bezelia whose many loves at last washed her up on this lonely island of Mille Fleurs to die of tuberculosis. The story tells of Bezelia's strange influence on Adele. It tells how, after Bezelia dies, Adele seeks out the child she has abandoned and brings it to live on the island. Her child, who has turned out blonde, is reared by a desperate mother to live among white men and to try to gain their love. But the dark blood in her heart tells. In the end she revolts from her mother's passion to be white. The pattern of this tale of chequered black and white is spun out of dramatic effects. The contrasts are striking, decorated, scarcely real. The emotions are poured from the mind of the stage director, shouted by the over-trained actors. Yet, until the curtain goes down, your eyes are held, your senses satisfied, by the gleaming artifice of the play.

The "Inner Sanctum" wants you to remember that among its new dollar books, paper bound, the red ones are "of a lighter nature." Hence, on opening *Denny and the Dumb Cluck* (Simon & Schuster $1) by J. P. McEvoy, you are prepared to be at least gently titillated. But disillusion lies ahead. Unless you have always enjoyed a penchant for traveling salesmen yarns, or satiric jests at their expense, you will find

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little room for laughter in Mr. McEvoy's burlesque. Denny works on the Middle Western route for the Gleason Greeting Card Company. His Odyssey takes in the small towns between Chicago and Minneapolis. His duty is to decoy each town virgin who runs a greeting card shoppe, fill her up on liquor and soft words, and obtain large orders for his Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, and Father's Day wares. During the course of the tale you become acquainted with the President of the Company, the Company poet whose turnover in "Heart Throb" verses rakes in champion profits, the Dumb Cluck herself who is, one should believe, a typical telephone girl with a yearning, golden heart, and various "Heart Throb" racketeers. One monologue has a masterly touch. Gleason, head of the Company, spends the evening with a chorus blonde and a few bottles of gin in an hotel room. You learn to know him by his talk. If you want to feel intimate with a hard-boiled, hard-drinking, fat-paunched, flabby-spirited, middle-aged "business man," arch representative of Tabloid America, read the chapter called "Square as a Die." As for the rest of the book, it does carry authority. The drooling sentiment and the wisecracks must be, if not *bona fide*, a close second to it. But it is too ugly to be delectable, too grotesque to be tragic, and too long-winded to deserve the laurels of humor.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Boccaccio tells a story of some mediaeval Christian merchants in Paris who, for business reasons, wanted a Jewish friend to become a convert to Christianity. The Jew, adamant at first to argument, finally said: "Very well, I shall go down to Rome and see for myself how your Christianity works." The Christians, though amazed and abashed at the idea, for those were the days of ecclesiastical debauchery, could do nothing but outwardly commend the Jew's plan. He went, stayed quite a while, returned, and reported as follows: "I had no idea that there could be such dirty work. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Priests, the lay members of the Christian Church are one and all and each for himself the very embodiment of immorality. Please take me therefore to your altar and have me baptized a Christian, for I am convinced that a religion which can hold out against such onslaughts by those who should be upholding it must be the true and right religion." The case is paralleled in *The Strange Death of President Harding* (Guild Publishing Corporation $3.50) from the diaries of Gaston B. Means, as told to May Dixon Thacker. Ours is obviously the right form of government, for a government that can stand where ours is today, despite what is alleged to have taken place in Washington during the months of the Harding Administration, can weather anything. The right title of the book would be "The Strange Life of Mrs. Harding." Running through it is the refrain that not half has yet been told. It should be told, and the sooner the better, for the teller of this much is about the sole survivor of those who would, or even could speak out, for some men are very dumb, and others have the reputation for holding everything, including their tongue. Too much should not be made, however, of the fact that the ring-leaders, from the most pitiable President we have ever had to plain clothes men, died suddenly. On the day on which this is being written, the New York *Times* carries 49 deaths, 9 of which are officially reported with the adverb "suddenly" writ large. Nor should too much be made of Mrs. Harding's determination to have Warren elected for a second term,—and then the big swing around the European circle. The juxtaposition sounds almost sacrilegious, but one Mary Todd Lincoln, and Abraham too, worked on precisely the same schedule. The present writer, as a commissioned officer in the U. S. A., had all too much occasion to see, for a short while, how the Department of Justice worked during the World War. Hated and hateful stuff. But the people of this country owe Gaston B. Means a moral debt they will never be able to pay for this volume of overwhelming revelation. These things should not be allowed to happen again, and with this much evidence before us, there should be a way to prevent their calamitous repetition.

Is there sound reason to fear the ultimate extinction of the social order and the gradual disappearance of human society? In *The Story of Punishment* (Stratford $3) Harry Elmer Barnes predicts nothing less than this, "if the ignorance of the public and the bigotry, intolerance and stupidity of lawyers and judges so obstruct the progress of intelligence and science in the field of the repression of crime that the increase of crime comes to be markedly greater than the advance of science in this field." That is somewhat like saying that the entire human family eventually will be run over by automobiles if all the interested parties, including first and foremost the drivers, wittingly hurl themselves before the wheels. It is hard to fancy such a state of affairs, however, and it is just as hard to believe that the legal class is really the class that produces the criminal. And yet, in the ten chapters of Dr. Barnes' studied treatise, written with all the fervor and confirmation for which he has become justly noted, there is evidence to show that criminology in this country today is in a state of lush imbecility. We still cling to the theologico-metaphysical conception of man as a free moral agent and handle both crime and the criminal, therefore, with savage inefficiency. Nor is the volume wholly one of fault-finding. In addition to a recital of the multifarious atrocities committed in the name of the law—who would ever have suspected that there were so many ways of killing a man?—Dr. Barnes sets forth clearly and without emotional ballyhoo of any variety his own scheme for the betterment, be it noted, of criminal law. He admits that progress must be piecemeal. And in his contention that prisons should be clean, decent places he will be upheld by every respectable person. It is a good book, one to take to heart.

May the angels bless our university presses, for the people at large won't. Although they bring out some of our best books, they are accredited with the sponsoring of our worst-sellers. A notable case in point is Grant Foreman's *Indians and Pioneers: The Story of the American Southwest before 1830* (Yale University Press $4). This invaluable volume treats the history of what is at present the State of Oklahoma, with slices of the surrounding states, from 1790 to 1830. The 348 pages are based without a single exception on hitherto unpublished documents interned if not interred in the Library of Congress and other manuscript centers in Washington. Novelists and historians have already made fair use of these collections in so far as they concern other sections of the country; it remained for Mr. Foreman to sink a well of research undefiled in the region now famous as the

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Lion and the Lamb**, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown.

Novel: **Shepherds in Sackcloth**, by Sheila Kaye-Smith: Harper.

Biography: **The Life of Madame Roland**, by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire: Longmans.

Miscellaneous: **Indians and Pioneers**, by Grant Foreman: Yale Press.

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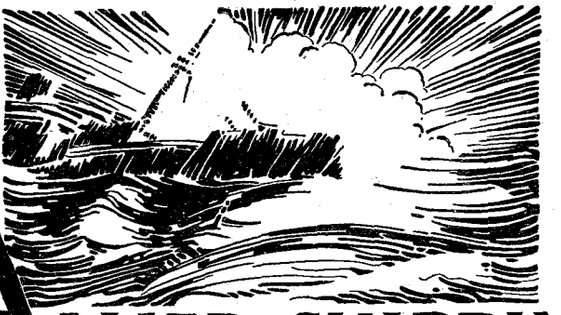
childhood haunts of our leading humorist; but the name of William Penn Rogers is not mentioned. This is in truth nobody's anthology of best jokes. It was grim business during those forty years when the activity swayed to and fro between scalps and politics. The careful reader, however, can have even here his merry jest, by implication. In 1824, a band of Choctaws was allowed to go to Washington to plead their case. On the way, Chief Apuckshunnubbee fell over an abutment and killed himself. His burial cost $1.87 for five yards of cambric, coffin $7, grave $1.50, barber $0.37½. The remaining members of the party, five in all, went on to Washington, stayed at Tennison's Hotel, and spent $2,149.50 at the bar, but less than that—$2,029.50—for board and room. The Secretary of War deducted thirty per cent from the total bill and paid the rest cheerfully.

It is by no means without significance that book after book pours forth on detailed phases of the French Revolution, during the four years of which the most hideous and heinous crimes known to civilization were committed. The most recent of these delvings into the devilishness of the past is *The Life of Madame Roland* (Longmans $4), by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, who is the daughter, no less, of the late Tiger of France. It is a woman's book: There are at times as many as a dozen paragraphs on a single page, of gossip there is no end, the heroine is vindicated at every turn, unless it be when and where her burning zeal for justified admiration excited the very envy of her biographer, pains were taken in gathering the necessary material that remind of the slow caution and care with which women knitted before the days of rayon, and when you are through you feel that there is nothing more to be known; Madame Roland, *née* Manon-Jeanne Phlipon, married to M. Roland de la Platière, a stodgy fellow twenty years her senior, has had her loquacious head severed from her lithe and lovely body because she talked too much, thought too clearly, moved the strings of ambition until her husband rose too high—he became Minister of the Interior—and died the death with three thoughts on her mind: What will become of my husband, my daughter Eudora, and my sweetheart Buzot? She also had France on her mind, but it was the France that she hoped would some day arise. Madame Roland could have played well the rôle in *What Every Woman Knows*. In eighteenth century France she was Queen of the Girondists. It is for others to say what she would be in France today. In this country her husband would stand high in politics, she would have, apart from a city residence, a country place for each of the four seasons. The book offers most refreshing intelligence, is so documented that, as to the facts, it is as authentic as a death-mask, and Laurence Vail's translation is better than the proof-reading.

It was to be expected—a full-length picture of the Dreyfus trial. Johnston D. Kerkhoff has done it lucidly and luridly in his *Traitor! Traitor!* (Greenberg $3.50). He has told the entire story from October 15, 1894, the morning the French Army sloughed off at least one of its fifty-seven varieties of *Gloire* through the brainless and inhuman arrest of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, as innocuous a *citoyen* as ever gave or obeyed a command, to the day, dangerously near the outbreak of the World War, when, under President Loubat, he was acquitted of all criminal action or intention and restored to such rank as he would then have had in the French army had he never been incarcerated in that living hell on Devil's Island. Fortunately for everybody, Mr. Kerkhoff omits nothing: the sham trials, the mock indictments, the cells without a trace of legal decency, the transportations back and forth in vans, boats, and trains under conditions such as would have been regarded as undue a dog,—it is all set down in language as clear as a bell, as telling as a tocsin. If it were fiction, any reviewer would cry out against its improbability; but here it is, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Every human being at all interested in or concerned for justice should read it. And to think of it! Colonel Dreyfus led his outfits in the World War with a heroism second to



ALLIED SHIPPING CONTROL by J. A. SALTER

That critical fortnight in April, 1917, when German submarines sank 122 ocean-going vessels, brought to a head the issue of Allied shipping control. The scope and dramatic qualities of this record is unique in history. The importance of the Allied Maritime Transport Council is clearly revealed by Mr. Salter in this volume. It is the most advanced experiment yet made in international administration, a forecast of the future cooperation of nations in international commerce.

Published for
The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace

The above title is one of a series called THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. This comprehensive work, in 150 volumes, is published in six countries and deals with the effects of the War upon all nations, both neutral and combatant. It is the most searching war record ever undertaken. Fuller information on this notable series is available from the publishers.

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none! What a forgiving heart! His young relatives did too, and died the death on the West Front. And yet—to this day, he strolls about the streets of Paris, retired and unnoticed. Zola, Clemenceau, Anatole France, those who fought for him, are gone. And yet again, Mr. Kerkhoff made a mistake when, at the very end, he dragged in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. That comes up automatically and irrepressibly. And Dreyfus himself made a mistake: Though studious and unsociable, he joined the army when young. The army of any nation is no place for any man who is minded to be thoughtful and unminded to be a good fellow among a host of others who don't see it his way. Read over the documents reprinted in this timely book and be convinced that Alfred Dreyfus was a hundred per cent loyal, but wrong-headed when it came to choosing a vocation.

A. W. P.

Behind the Blurbs

"THE present problems in the book industry are due to the accumulation of unsolved economic problems and the interaction of views and purposes based on inadequate data." Thus O. H. Cheney, appointed by the National Assn. of Book Publishers to make an economic survey of said industry. In other words, the rewards are not commensurate with the effort, either to publisher, bookseller or author, and Mr. Cheney expects to find out what's the matter. This is an important and necessary move, but what the results may be, no man knoweth. Our guess is that for insolubility the book problem will run the farm problem a close second. ❧ ❧ ❧ *The Publishers' Weekly* tells us that fewer books are being published this year than last. There seem just as many to us, when we consider the number we've got on our desk to read. But we hope it's true. ❧ ❧ ❧ We had an odd experience yesterday. We picked a book from the pile on our desk. There were a lot of animals on the cover. We started to read, and found that it dealt with the adventures of a group of farm animals. "Fairly well written," we thought, "though he didn't make the most of his situation here. And that last chapter was sort of pointless." But the farther we went the better we liked it, although a strange sense of familiarity began to creep over us. "Good stuff," we thought, "but this man must have stolen it all somewhere. I have a distinct recollection of having read this before." But in spite of the taint of plagiarism, our enthusiasm grew, and at last we shouted:

(Please Turn to Page 678)

▸▸ Has Psychology a Soul? ◂◂

As Seen in Recent Books

IT'S a long time since I've read *Peck's Bad Boy,* but I have a recollection that one of the Boy's star performances was putting snuff between the leaves of a hymn book. Naturally, the resulting wheezes and sneezes terminated the Sunday School lesson. With apologies to Dr. John B. Watson, it has seemed sometimes as if he were the Peck's Bad Boy of Psychology. A few years ago he let loose a theory which, causing at first only a few mild sniffs of astonished indignation, has now set his contemporaries into a hubbub of hysteria. From what appeared to be only one more way of studying the reactions of human beings, his philosophy has become a school and behaviorism turned into a radical attitude towards life. The debate has become increasingly acrimonious and, indeed, seems such a menace to our social structure that seventeen earnest crusaders have sent out a general alarm in the form of a book—*Behaviorism: A Battle Line!* Edited by William P. King. (Nashville, Tennessee, Cokesbury Press.) This is designed to dam the flowing tide by attacking the question from three angles: the general principles of behaviorism, behaviorism and value, behaviorism and metaphysics.

Professor Josiah Morse of the University of South Carolina has written an introduction to the symposium which gives the general reader some idea of what the battle is about. It's not a new fight, at all. It's the old problem of materialism and idealism over which philosophers, theologians, scientists and metaphysicians have been warring since time was. It boils down to a way of looking at life. If you're what William James called tough-minded, you're tremendously impressed by facts; what you can see, hear, touch, taste or smell are real to you and unseen things are illusion. If you're tender-minded, on the other hand, you will always think beyond the evidence of the senses to that intangible something variously named spirit, mind, heart or soul. Tough-mindedness leads to a mechanistic and literal scientific approach; tender-mindedness to a scientific attitude which admits speculative philosophy and metaphysics. As applied to human beings, it centers around the question of body and soul which Socrates, Plato and Aristotle debated in Athens, centuries ago, with their disciples. In the middle ages, at the height of Scholasticism, philosophers and theologians discussed how many angels could dance on the point of a needle and whether intelligence proceeded from God by emanations or was indwelling. Today at least seven differing schools of psychology are wrestling with the same subject, not in terms of angels or nominalism and realism, but as reflexes and consciousness, intelligence quotients and Gestalten. The theories of other researchers are quite as important as Watson's but they have not been presented to the public in such a graphic manner or in such bulk.

The basic idea of behaviorism is that man is a machine. According to Watson we are only little collections of responses to stimuli. He says, "All schools of psychology except that of behaviorism claim that 'consciousness' is the subject matter of psychology. Behaviorism, on the contrary, holds that the subject matter of human psychology is the behavior or activities of the human being. Behaviorism claims that 'consciousness' is neither a definable nor a usable concept; that it is merely another word for the 'soul' of more ancient times. The older psychology is thus dominated by a kind of subtle religious philosophy." To make sure that no vestige of anything as old fashioned as a soul remained, Watson "dropped from his scientific vocabulary all subjective terms such as sensation, perception, image, desire, purpose and even thinking emotion as they were subjectively defined." "The . . . rule or measuring rod which the behaviorist puts in front of him always is; Can I describe this bit of behavior I see in terms of stimulus and response? By stimulus we mean any object in the general environment or any change in the tissues themselves due to the physiological condition of the animal, such as the change we get when we keep an animal from sex activity, when we keep it from feeding, when we keep it from building a nest. By response we mean anything the animal does such as turning toward or away from light, jumping at sound and more highly organized activities such as building a sky scraper, drawing plans, having babies, writing books and the like."

The only difference between Dr. Watson's psychology and physiology is in the grouping of its problems. Physiology is concerned with the functioning of the parts of the animal; behaviorism is interested in all the functioning of these parts and in particular what the

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

The Lion and the Lamb, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Reviewed in this issue by Walter R. Brooks.

Strangers May Kiss, by Ursula Parrott: Cape & Smith. What happens if you love one man and marry another. Reviewed August 6.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

Non-Fiction

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

The Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Reviewed in this issue.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. A faithful and consistent account of contemporary Russia and its people. Reviewed November 20.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Do Parents Desire Children? by Herbert Aptekar. Birth Control Review, August.

The author of this brief but informative article writes from the anthropologist's view point. He does not, as you might infer, conclude with a categorical negative. Opinions, he states, "vary from group to group, or in other words, they are moulded by specific cultural environments." Mr. Aptekar is not a propagandist.

Porto Rico Has a Future, by Theodore Roosevelt. Review of Reviews, August.

"The average individual does not even know that Porto Ricans are American citizens." With this remark Theodore Roosevelt, the island's present Governor and widely known American, begins a survey of social and economic conditions in a much neglected possession of ours. The island is in dire need of medical, educational and financial assistance; and she must be helped in order to attain her rightful place as a prosperous and self-supporting community. "Porto Rico," says the Governor, "has a future. She merits the aid of the United States at this time, not merely because our aid should be extended to any of our citizens who may be in distress, but also because the future will justify any aid that is given."

The Drama of the Machines, by Lewis Mumford, Scribner's, August.

Machine economy has brought leisure, but in a form that makes it painfully unusable, namely a chronic state of unemployment. Socially utilized, "the function of the machine would be the swiftest organized satisfaction of the necessities, and not the wanton multiplication of fake wants, or the vociferous wastes of competitive salesmanship, or the infliction of an unbalanced standard of consumption."

animal will do from morning to night and from night to morning. The question as to whether man or animal has anything we might call consciousness or mind beyond mere responses to stimuli is easily dismissed. "No one knows," says Watson, "just how the idea of a soul or the supernatural started. It probably had its origin in the laziness of mankind." Another way of putting it is, "You can't put the soul in a test tube, therefore it does not exist."

For the other side of the debate Professor Rufus M. Jones of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, has said: "We are quite willing to be told that we are curiously carved pieces of the earth's crust, or strange dust-wreath vortexes, if we may add to the account *the something more which we know we are.* The whirling dust-wreaths of the street do not have longings. The bits of earth-crust which we throw about with our shovel do not yearn for what is not and then forthwith construct it. Desires and strivings, visions and ideals, emotions and sentiments, are as much a genuine part of us as are the iron and lime and phosphorus in our bodies. We have insights of what ought to be, appreciations of beauty, convictions of truth, experiences of love, and these are not part of the earth's crust. They are not physical realities. They are not results of matter in motion. They cannot be adequately explained mechanically. They are real for mind and only for mind."

Behaviorism: A Battle Line! is a stimulating book and a veritable armory of ammunition for those who would go forth to war against the malevolent advance of materialism. Its fault is, that the authors, being propagandists, have a slight tendency to masculine emotionalism. We get the idea that Dr. Watson is a source of all the evil in the world and some that came before. It appears that he is somehow responsible for the pessimism of the age, the extinction of the family, the decline of monogamy, the immorality of the younger generation. The recent break in the stock market and the atrocities of prohibition have been omitted from an otherwise thorough condemnation. One can't help wondering if the Peck's Bad Boy of Psychology, now safely out of the academic world's ignoble strife into the more financially stimulating response of advertising, does not agree with this verse, whose unknown author should receive credit.

The codfish lays a million eggs,
And the useful hen but one,
But the codfish never cackles
To tell what she has done.
And so we praise the useful hen,
And the codfish we despise,

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To those on the side lines, hit sometimes by a stray bullet in the shape of an understandable idea, the verbal battles of psychology are confusing. A good text-book sometimes serves to guide one through the maze of terminology and for this purpose we suggest *The Essentials of Psychology,* by W. B. Pillsbury (Macmillan), which is now appearing in a new edition. Another text-book which may be of service to the general reader is *Great Experiments in Psychology,* by Henry E. Garrett (Century). There has been a tendency to tag every one who advocates the scientific study of conduct, a behaviorist, however violently he may disagree with Watson. Professor Garrett's new book describes the work of such men as Binet, Pavlov, Thorndike, Galton and others. In connection with the body-mind controversy the experiments of Köhler and the Gestalt School are significant. For the researches of this more recent German school reveal that the Watson formula of simple response to stimulus does not explain everything. From their point of view, in fact, his notions are false. The real data of experience are not single responses from specific stimuli but organized wholes. The word Gestalten means "configurations" and as used psychologically conveys the idea that we perceive, not parts but wholes. Instead of the world being to the infant a booming, buzzing confusion from which here and there bits must be laboriously picked out, even for the very young child there is a certain degree of orderly arrangement in sensory data to which he may respond without previous learning. Whether we call this capacity a Gestalt, an insight or an intuition, or even become poetical and consider it an intimation of immortality, it implies, at least, that man is more than a machine.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Moby Dick"

FOR the second time—on this occasion with sound—John Barrymore has made a film of Herman Melville's story of whaling days in old New Bedford, and of Ahab, the whaleman whose leg was cut off by Moby Dick, a white-faced whale. Fired by revenge, his hair streaming in the gale, Mr. Barrymore then sets out like a madman to scour the seven seas until he again meets Moby Dick, when he plunges a harpoon in his back while a gusher of blood spouts up all about him. It is just possible that the whale Mr. Barrymore encounters is made of papier mache or some such substance, but for the most part the action shots in the small boat in which they meet the mighty monster of the deep face to face are extraordinarily good—and the sounds are well managed. Joan Bennett is the sweet New Bedford miss who waits for the peg-legged Barrymore, while Lloyd Hughes is the jealous brother. Director Lloyd Bacon has some exciting pictures of ships and water, and altogether *Moby Dick* is good if not very novel entertainment.

Our Little Idiot Boy

If the much-abused and at present rather ill motion picture industry would like this department's opinion as to why miniature golf courses are at present proving real and formidable competitors to expensive films and solid-gold stadia, it is this. The movies are showing great areas of vacant seats these days, not because they have gone talkie, not because of last year's stock market collapse, and not because the public has wearied of the film as a medium, but because nine out of ten films are still tripe. Several times before the public has shown signs of weariness, and some years ago, when talking came in, the industry faced the same public indifference it is now encountering. Sound gave the boys on the gold coast a new lease on life. People decided to let the master minds have another chance. For the past three years we have patiently borne with them while they attempted to get the talkie machine house-broken. For a while it seemed that we might expect more literate and tolerable films. Jeanne Eagles and Ruth Chatterton began to appear and other actors to disappear. The medium promised many fascinating possibilities. But the unpleasant truth seems to be that tripe is still tripe, even when it talks, and that the second-rate minds who produce most of our films are *still* second-rate minds. The kids who used to see Tom Mix and Richard Dix ten years ago have been to school and acquired a little taste and sensitivity. The girls who slobbered over Billie Dove have had romances of their own by now and they know damn well that the "fillums" were lying to them. We have grown up . . . but the movie is still the idiot boy of the arts, grinning endlessly over nothing. Even midget golf is better than a sloppy romance acted by hams and written by morons.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Even if you "never go to the movies," you must see this honest and devastating picturization of Remarque's book.
The Big House: Wallace Beery and a lot of other tough convicts shooting up a penitentiary.
For the Defense: Another William Powell picture—smooth and expert—although the story is not so much.
Good Intentions: Edmund Lowe as a master mind crook—another finished performance.
Grumpy: Recommended only to those who have not seen the play. With Cyril Maude and a good cast.
Holiday: Intelligent and literate comedy about the trials of great riches with that beautiful Ann Harding.
Journey's End: A first-rate film of the British war play, faithfully done.

For Ladies Who Cry Easily

Common Clay: Constance Bennett as an unwed mother who does a little Denouncing.
Eyes of the World: Harold Bell Wright's antique story about a little girl who has sunlight in her hair and a vacuum in her head. With Una Merkle.
Manslaughter: Claudette Colbert suffers and suffers until finally Love comes her way.
Our Blushing Brides: Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian in the big weeping picture of the month. A three-handkerchief film, at least.

Warner

HUNTING MOBY DICK

In his second talkie, John of the Barrymores again pursues the fabulous white whale

"Hell's Angels"

Spectacular aerial war photography with swarms of planes snorting about and shooting each other down in flames is no novelty at this late date, but the pictures in *Hell's Angels* are really pretty stunning, for a good deal of the action is aboard a Zeppelin roaring over darkened London by moonlight. If the mechanical innards of the Zeppelin and the melodramatic action involving Ben Lyon and James Hall are downright silly, I don't know what can be done about it. Mr. Howard Hughes, the backer, producer and director of the film, is said to have spent some $4,000,000 getting things just right, and while he has treated himself to a tragic ending in which both his heroes are shot down, I am afraid the plot and characterizations are just so much more movie piffle. As it is full of the most fantastic and unreal melodramatics you don't care much one way or another when the boys are burned to death.

Hell's Angels is one of those films calling for a "lavish, delux Hollywood opening"—and you know what *that* means. They boast that when it opened in Hollywood there was "the greatest traffic jam in the history of Los Angeles" (or was it the world?).

However, the air pictures are really good and if you come late and miss the part where Ben Lyon is trying to behave like an Oxford student you may actually enjoy yourself.

A Harvard Film

To celebrate the Massachusetts Tercentenary, Harvard has concocted a film record of that great state's history, accompanied by a talkie lecture by a distinguished professor. Frankly, it is about the most deadly dull bit of film this reviewer has yet encountered. At the risk of being shot for treason and investigated by the Fish Committee, I would like to suggest that almost any film of an historical or propagandizing nature produced by the Soviets has a thousand times more vitality than this static compilation of documents, maps, and still pictures. If this is the way our greatest university proposes to make educational and informative films, I think the Soviets will win in a walk. The Russians are wide awake and they understand their camera. They made one picture showing how a Fordson tractor worked, which was actually beautiful. This film is ugly and lifeless.

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▶▶ Wanda Landowska ◀◀

By PITTS SANBORN

IF SORCERY exists, it is incarnate in Wanda Landowska. This fragile, supple Polish woman, whose big brown eyes and enigmatic smile face you steadily from beneath her lustrous coiffure of dark hair, possesses the particular magic which has made the eighteenth century live again in music. Bach, Handel, Couperin, Scarlatti, Rameau, Daquin, Haydn, Mozart, such are the masters to whom she has dedicated her art and who in the twentieth century owe her an incalculable debt of gratitude—of gratitude for intelligent, untiring, whole-souled devotion.

When she was a child studying at the Warsaw Conservatory she already was fascinated by the music of the older masters. This early predilection led to infinite research, which has resulted in her becoming a veritable high priestess of "the ancient music." Not only has she interpreted it in performance with unique beauty, but her books, *Bach et Ses Interprètes* and *La Musique Ancienne,* are among the most acute and illuminating that have dealt with the pre-Beethoven period.

Still, to audiences in Europe as in America Wanda Landowska is not the indefatigable scholar of an enormous erudition, but the harpsichordist *par excellence*. Indeed, she is generally regarded as the rediscoverer of an instrument which long had been obsolete. If such be not strictly the truth, she at any rate has proved its quality far and wide to a world that had to be shown. To some of us her success has seemed nothing short of necromantic. Hasn't she even inspired dyed-in-the-wool modernists to compose for her living corpse?

Mme. Landowska, however, would disclaim anything like magic in the matter. Her faith in the harpsichord is implicit. She has pointed out that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the harpsichord "reigned *en maître.*" She reminds us that "its majestic splendor, the greatness of its sonority, its sublime elevation in churches and palaces gave it the name of the King of Instruments;" that in the old-time orchestra its "sonority of plucked strings" blends so perfectly with the other instruments that though it may seem sometimes that one does not hear it, let it stop for a moment and one immediately feels the void; "the light is extinguished."

This celebrates an instrument that the world had come to class as merely a museum piece, a musical fossil, often very beautiful indeed as regards the material and the modelling of its case, but certainly nothing to be listened to in our day and generation. Yet Mme. Landowska has demonstrated the now incontestable fact that the harpsichord so far from being a feeble forerunner of the piano can boast a vivid individuality of its own, no more to be replaced by the piano than the oboe, let us say, by the trumpet. Any one who has heard Mme. Landowska's performance of music intended for the harpsichord upon that instrument cannot but recog-

Keystone

WANDA LANDOWSKA

nize the loss of color and character when it is transferred to the piano. Mme. Landowska herself has written of this fact with an unsurpassable advocacy.

The harpsichord has, like the organ, she reminds us, two keyboards and a great number of registers, imitating the flute, the violin, the oboe, and the bagpipe, which "vivify the composition with the glowing colors of stained glass." She finds that its deep registers make us feel "the dark profundity of certain preludes and fugues of Bach." Also, the "joyous brilliance" of its two keyboards, which in their struggle with one another flash and sparkle into flame, "impart to the sonatas of Scarlatti just the note of diabolical Neapolitan verve." Again, the "miracles of jocund grace and of melancholy tenderness" of Couperin and Rameau recover their "authentic poetry in that diaphanous and silvery sonority." They recall the "fluid landscapes of Watteau, the noble portraits of Largillière, proud in their refined and aristocratic charm."

Nevertheless, despite all this deserved glorification of the harpsichord, the fact remains that Mme. Landowska also plays the piano music of the eighteenth century as no one else does. To hear a Mozart piano concerto played by her is actually to revise one's ideas of its composer, exalted as those may have been. She has been called a musician who thinks as Mozart did "in terms of song," and with such taste that the most fastidious hearer must feel that Mozart himself would applaud.

Though Polish by birth, Mme. Landowska belongs distinctly to the whole world. In 1913 she was called to the professorship of the harpsichord in the newly established Königliche Hochschule für Musik at Berlin, a post which she had to relinquish because of the outbreak of the War. In fact since the War she has made her home in Paris or its neighborhood. Her present spacious house and garden at St. Leu-la-Forêt have become a place of pilgrimage and study for worshippers of the "ancient music," and those who are fortunate enough to be bidden to her richly provided board recognize in the great Polish musician not only the arch-celebrant of the eighteenth century, but one of the most knowing of the Daughters of Epicurus and a *raconteuse* worthy to be named with that royal story-teller of the Seven Days, the "Marguerite des princesses."

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In This Issue

OLIVER MCKEE, JR. is a newspaperman now serving as Washington correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. Mr. McKee is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

GLENNA COLLETT, the present women's national golf champion, has won the title on three previous occasions and has twice been runner-up for the British championship. Miss Collett is also the author of *Ladies in the Rough*.

LUCIUS BEEBE, who attended both Yale and Harvard Universities as an undergraduate, is a newspaperman now a member of the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

W. LOCK WEI is a graduate of the universities of Hong Kong and Cambridge and is now a resident of New York. Mr. Wei is also a member of the Chinese Davis Cup tennis team and a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent.

Next Week

One Way Out: A proposed solution of Prohibition.

Much of the opposition to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is based on the fear that, should it be repealed, no method of regulating the liquor traffic would be substituted for it and the country would be left "wide open." Judging by the correspondence we receive, many of our dry friends seem motivated by this fear. We have been asked—again and again—to be "constructive" before advocating the repeal of the Eighteenth Admendment and the Volstead Act. Recently there has come to our attention a plan which, without repealing the Eighteenth Amendment provides for the return of the control of the liquor traffic to such states as may so desire. The plan, moreover, provides for federal aid to such dry states as choose to pass concurrent legislation under Article II of the Amendment. Although this plan is not put forth as a final solution of the prohibition problem, its discussion should serve to clarify the issue and its adoption might prove a long step towards such a solution.

The Curse of Plenty, by Lawrence Sullivan.

In his acceptance speech at Palo Alto, Herbert Hoover committed his administration to putting agriculture on an equality with industry. Today, the prices of farm products have tobogganed and the total farm income is one and a half billions below the 1929 figure. At the same time the prices of goods have been raised by the tariff. The remedy according to Secretary of Agriculture Hyde lies in cooperation to control the surplus. Unfortunately the farmer has never cooperated with any one. What the Farm Board will do is unknown. Meanwhile, the author concludes, it looks as though the farmer is well on the way through a second major cycle of post-war deflation.

O! O! McIntyre, by Harry Salpeter.

Through the medium of a New York newspaper column which is syndicated in approximately two hundred and fifty newspapers throughout the country, O. O. McIntyre speaks daily to over five million people. Although Mr. McIntyre lives in New York, his message is addressed to the hinterland. He tells the men and women who would like to live in New York, but cannot, what New York is like. Strangely enough, in spite of the fact that he would not live anywhere else, Mr. McIntyre reports that New York is not the most desirable spot in the world. This is not so peculiar as Mr. McIntyre started life as a country boy and is still proud of it. Mr. Salpeter describes the personality and ideas of a man who came from a small town to the big city and made good—in a big way.

The Student Works His Way, by Raymond F. Howes.

Many parents the author claims, who can afford to pay for the education of their sons, compel the latter, either partially or wholly to work their way through college. The responsible attitude is usually one of "What was good enough for me, is good enough for him." No matter how democratic the custom may be, however, Mr. Howes reports that in many cases it puts the student at a distinct disadvantage. Aside from extra curricular and social activities in which the necessity for self-support is an obvious handicap, Mr. Howes does not think it fair to ask a student who has to spend from thirty to sixty hours a week attending classes and studying to wash dishes and wait on table, if for no other reason than that it interferes with his work.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Safety

EVER since he could remember . . . And his memories traveled far back to the small beginning in a foreign country. . . . Always, he had looked seriously for safety.

Now, sitting on his doorstep, with his house at his back, he stared incredulously at his neighbor and shook his head.

"Go bust?" he repeated doubtfully. "The bank?" He looked about him at the warm summer evening, at his front gate hooked neatly on its latch, and then again at the man who lived next door. "No," he said. "No."

"Sure!" said the man next door excitedly. "You not believe me, heh? You ask somebody. You find out. Tomorrow, mebbe! Mebbe nex' week. The bank, he go bust. You got money in the bank? Pft! Like a candle." He came nearer, at the same time dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper. "I tell you, because you are my friend. See? Watch what I do—I take my money to the bank, heh? No! I sew him up tight, where I feel him with my hand, where I sleep." He stepped back suddenly, waving the hand that held a glowing, black cigar, and as suddenly pounced forward to the other's ear. "In my mat-*tresse!*"

It was impossible, thought the other. He was a poor man without education, living in a country whose ways he did not altogether understand. But he had learned one thing. Nothing was safe except the bank. He had seen crops wither, he had seen money stolen, he had seen men die. But the bank was made of brick and iron and gave a man three and a half per cent for his savings. Sometimes four. He himself had saved steadily through his whole life and had now two hundred and ninety-seven dollars. In the bank. Yes, and if he should lie sick and unable to work, what then? The money would go on climbing to three hundred; higher! And he himself doing nothing.

He rose indignantly and shook his head more violently. "No," he repeated. "No." And went in to his bed.

But there he lay awake. The bank go bust? He thought about it. If a fellow stole his money he might take fifty; a hundred mebbe. Still, there might be something left. But if the bank went bust there would be nothing. All his lifetime. All his work. Nothing.

The next day he got up early. At noon, instead of eating lunch, he stopped in at the bank. That night he slept more comfortably, for he could feel by groping with his hand the seam that locked his savings up in safety. The man who lived next door, he was a wise fellow.

But the next evening as he unlatched his gate, eager to be inside the house where he could see the mattress, he noticed that a huddle of people stood in his neighbor's dooryard. "You hear?" quavered an old man. "It was the big cigar he always smoke! All his money . . . all the mattress . . . gone up in a fire!"

He stood confounded in his own yard. Had he never thought of that? He did not smoke, no; but there were matches in the house—fire to cook with—wind! He rushed indoors and ripped the mattress; the money, wrapped well in a newspaper, he stuffed inside his shirt. Now!—now what was he to do?

He waited until darkness fell and then he set out alone. Would some one suddenly lay hands upon him? From a shadow—from behind a wall— He reached the woods in safety. He found what he was looking for—a hollow tree.

In the middle of the night he woke up with a stream of light across his face; he trembled in the darkness with the crash that followed and waited in despair for morning. At last he knew that he had been a fool. Had he not learned but one lesson in his life? That there is no safety except in money? That money is safe only in a bank?

With the first light creeping at the window, he rose and dressed himself and hurried towards his hiding place. Before he reached the spot he saw catastrophe, a great tree struck and splintered to the ground. No—not the one, not his! Now he could learn from these accidents and place his money once more in a bank . . . not the same bank . . . but another . . . in the next town. He reached his hand inside the tree, his heart bursting, and drew out the package. At noon he went by trolley to the adjoining town.

On the evening of the next day he sat upon his doorstep, and knew he was exhausted. To find safety, he reflected, a man spends his whole life. Seeking. Then he dies. Is there safety in that?

His neighbor spoke up sadly from across the fence. "You said right about the bank. He not go bust. That was the other bank."

The man on the doorstep stared stupidly. He tried to ask, what other bank?

"You hear that news today?" went on the voice. "That bank the next town got, well. Today it happen. He go bust."

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▶▶ Needed—A Davis Cup Vacation ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

WHETHER or not you accept the dubious premise that international competition at games is a good thing—"promoting peace on earth, breeding a common fellowship and bringing the millennium nearer"—you must admit that too much of a good thing cloys.

Right now, America's tennis forces are suffering from a collective "hang over," the natural result of a competitive orgy which began last spring at White Sulphur and continued, with few interludes, to the drab anticlimax at Auteuil.

A saturnalia of Davis Cup tennis has left the Tildens, Lotts, Allisons, and Van Ryns physically fagged out and nervously frayed. If you had seen the weak-kneed, halting efforts of our Davis Cup representatives on the blustery Meadow Club courts at Southampton you would join in indicting a competitive system that could so distort sporting perspective.

Our Davis Cup trained seals responded to the crack of ringmaster Dixon's whip last March. They've been hard at it ever since—intensive spring practice; American zone preliminary matches; the London championships; Wimbledon; more practice under forced draft on Paris hard courts; the interzone final with Italy; and lastly, the cup tie in the Roland Garros stadium against invincible France.

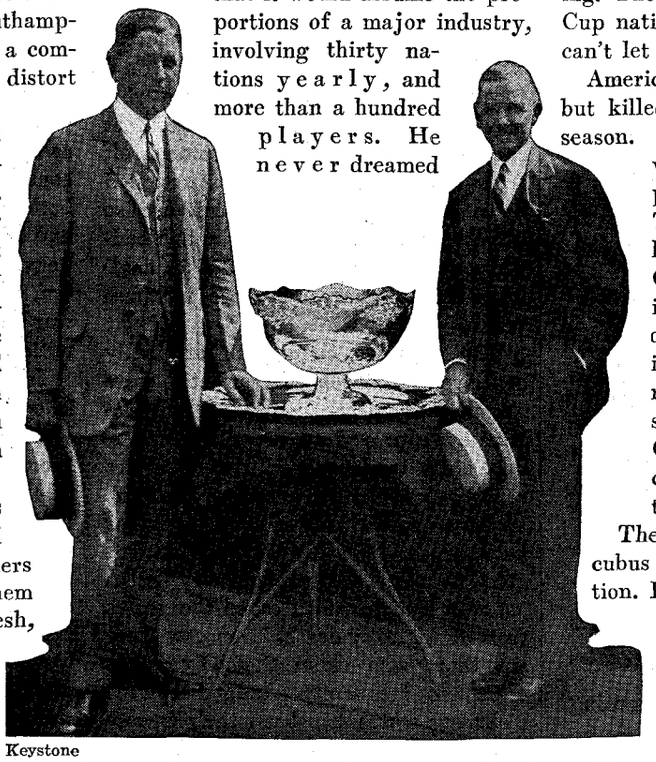
No wonder Captain Dixon's men—faces drawn, muscles tired—fizzled like damp firecrackers when the show-down brought them face to face with France's fresh, buoyant defenders. To employ football argot, the Americans "peaked" at Wimbledon. They reached top form two weeks too soon. Staleness could not be fended off.

Instead of resting after the strenuous fortnight at Wimbledon, the Americans practiced with a vim that approached fanaticism. George Lott played ten sets a day when his nerves were begging for a lay off. His case was typical.

Even the voyage home didn't cure this deep-rooted staleness. Rushed from the pier by motor car to Southampton, Tilden lost to Shields, Allison bowed to Wood, Lott fell before the same flaxen headed giant-killer, and our Davis Cup doubles team was vanquished by a pair of tennis nobodies.

WHEN Dwight Davis, back in 1900, offered the silver bowl that bears his name with the idea of spreading the gospel of tennis to non-Anglo-Saxon nations, he little realized that he was rearing a Frankenstein which would tend to subvert amateurism and emphasize team contests at the expense of public interest in national singles championships.

The donor's motives were idealistic. He couldn't foresee that the Davis Cup tail would some day wag the tennis dog, that it would assume the proportions of a major industry, involving thirty nations yearly, and more than a hundred players. He never dreamed that the informal "garden party" which he sponsored at Longwood Cricket Club thirty years ago would develop to the point where America would spend $20,000 a year in a vain effort to retrieve the trophy and Australasia would foot a $15,000 bill.



Keystone

Dwight F. Davis, donor of the Davis cup, and Julian S. Myrick

Members of recent United States Davis Cup teams have devoted seven months of each year to the business of tennis. A sport which claims so much of an alleged amateur's time *is* a business. Players are being virtually supported by the U. S. L. T. A. via legitimate expense allowances. Tilden excepted, the youngsters who comprise the American squad are not old enough to be self-supporting or to afford such protracted vacations from their jobs.

No sooner has a given Davis Cup crusade ended, than it is time for another to begin. This vicious circle keeps scores of young men in a tennis bondage which, while pleasant enough for the individual, is not calculated to develop his character or foster a commercial career beyond that of the court. You cannot blame impressionable youngsters for heeding their country's call, but you can easily see that they are mortgaging their formative business years for prestige which is often fleeting. The amalgamated order of Davis Cup nations has a bear by the tail and can't let go.

America's argosies to Europe have all but killed interest in the home tennis season. Local tournaments languish when the nation's six ranking players are summering abroad. The Forest Hills championship has lost caste since the Davis Cup went overseas. The American singles title, which was once synonymous with the mythical world's championship, has now become a glorified consolation prize. Only the Davis Cup "holding nation," in this case France, is satisfied with the status quo.

The solution to the Davis Cup incubus may be found in moderation. In other words the Davis competition should be put on a quadrennial basis. The financial burden borne by competing nations would be cut seventy-five per cent by these three-year holidays, and scores of talented racket wielders would be released for productive work.

Tennis authorities will find ample precedent for this drastic shift in program. Take tennis's sister game—golf. The Walker Cup international team matches were originally held every year. Britains and Yanks crossed mashies in 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924, though the deed of gift specified that the cup tie be played alternately on American and British soil, regardless of which side

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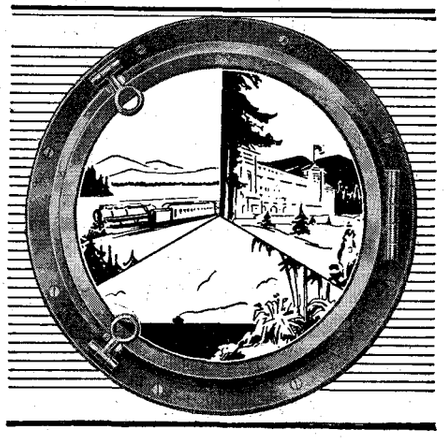
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Alluring South America

What do you know of South America's unique charms? ¶ The Latin gift of laughter runs like a golden thread through the tapestry of the land. ¶ Old Spain is reflected in the architecture . . . customs . . . and history. ¶ Towering mountains . . . teeming rivers . . . fertile valleys . . . stud this jeweled country. ¶ The flagship of a big company is making this cruise in the autumn. ¶ It offers such variety as a built in swimming pool with sand beaches. ¶ Moonlight beach parties under the Southern Cross. ¶ What a gesture! ¶ Write us for details on this or any other trip you are contemplating.

EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST., NEW YORK

won. By that wise provision a consistent loser, such as Britain, was spared the necessity of financing a transatlantic trip every season.

Despite this home-and-home agreement, however, the contending nations found that a yearly match strained golf treasuries to the breaking point and required amateur golfers to give up too much of their time. Accordingly, the Royal and Ancient reached a gentleman's agreement with the U. S. G. A. in 1924 to play the Walker Cup Tie every other year. By this arrangement each nation was to make a foreign invasion only once in four years. The rotation of battle sites took care of that.

One observes a similar trend in polo. While Anglo-American rivalry for the Westchester Cup has always been spasmodic, there was nothing in the conditions to prevent a yearly challenge. Britain did send polo fours to Meadowbrook in 1913 and 1914.

Championship polo runs into serious money. The British string of ponies encamped at Meadowbrook is worth $200,000. That's only one item connected with putting an international four on a foreign field. Though polo is a rich man's game, and though its devotees can afford to take the whole summer off from business, the problems presented by a Westchester Cup match are so taxing that the Hurlingham and Meadowbrook Clubs agreed in 1926 to challenge not oftener than once in three years.

The Olympic Games, as originally conceived by Baron de Courbetin, were staged every other summer. That two-year cycle proved an unendurable burden, since track and field athletes are usually men of slender means, laborers, artisans and clerks who must work for a living. In 1908 the Olympic nations voted to hold the Olympiad every fourth year—a change which saved the games from an untimely death. Even now there are those who claim that Olympiads come too frequently. Judged by the bickering which has been their invariable aftermath, they are anything but breeders of good-will.

Generous interludes also elapse between yacht races for the America's Cup, perhaps because the sloop is a millionaire's plaything. These international contests at golf, polo and yacht racing have so far involved only two countries—Britain and America. How much more reason exists for a change in Davis Cup conditions when twenty or thirty nations annually toss their hats into the ring! Let the International Tennis Federation take a leaf from golf and polo procedure and space out Davis Cup competitions over a two, three or four year stretch. Everybody connected with the international racket needs a vacation if only to get back to work!

Drinking as an Art

(Continued from Page 653)

egg, but some scheme for propaganda for temperance seems to be in order.

In the year 1105 B. C., the Duke of Chou issued an edict against drunkenness and imposed capital punishment upon the offenders; but he inserted two clauses in the proclamation, which read, "When you have served your parents and your sovereign, you may drink until you are satisfied," and "Those officers of the House of Yin who have always been accustomed to drinking may be exempted from penalty." The wisdom shown by the duke in making these exceptions is almost self-evident. He knew that regarding drinking, temperance, but not total abstinence is needed; and further, that those who have been temperate drinkers for generations should not have their freedom disturbed.

Let us glance at what prohibition has done for this country. In large cities, one can go into a speakeasy in almost every street where bad liquor is sold and consumed by minors as well as adults of both sexes. Non-alcoholic "essences" and drinking paraphernalia can be bought in every drug store and five and ten, and bootleggers will deliver "prewar" stuff to you on a few minutes' notice.

It seems logical that one should find in such an old country as China, whose history can be traced back some four thousand years, that all sorts of laws of conduct have been tried. Though prohibition of drinking had never been introduced in China, prohibition of opium smoking had been put in force. In 1912, almost immediately after the establishment of the Chinese Republic, the Canton Government—then the model government, introduced a law forbidding the smoking of opium. The result was that illicit opium was consumed in large quantities, but the government lost its tremendous revenue. It did not take the officials long to realize the unsoundness of this law, so it was immediately repealed, and a wide propaganda against smoking substituted, which had the effect of labelling opium as poison instead of surrounding it with the halo of forbidden things. The result was that within a few years, opium smoking was out of fashion, and the pipe is now almost a thing of the past.

When Confucius visited the ancestral temple of the Duke of Huan of the Lu State, and noticed that the drinking

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vessels were standing awry, he said, "I have been told that when these goblets are empty, they stand awry, that when they are half full they stand up straight, and that when filled they topple over. A wise ruler would use them as a warning and see that such were always alongside of his guests."

May we not offer temperance to this great country as a requirement of decency instead of compulsion? It might be a good plan for all of us to give up intoxicants of all forms; it seems unwise, however, that even a majority should force into abstinence those who find in liquor an aid to good fellowship.

Why Golf Widows?

(Continued from Page 651)

mighty men, they have renounced with reluctance this elusive sport. Whatever the cause, has not the time come when these ladies should lift this unhappy veil of golf widowhood and make a place for themselves in the sun? They are attractive; they are feminine; they do other things well—surely, somewhere in the world there must be a race of men who never heard of golf.

Dignified Faun

(Continued from Page 649)

for the poet. The Little Theatre in New York was rented for the evening, flowers and other decorations of a chaste nature were arranged, and choice selections of the more discreet chamber music were rendered by an even choicer string quartet. From Edwin Markham to John Erskine and William Lyon Phelps the world of poetry and letters and criticism and endorsement was assembled, with Thomas Lamont and Edna Millay in stage boxes and Carl Van Doren, Hermann Hagedorn and scores of other luminaries crowded into the orchestra pit. Telegrams were read, congratulations showered. Never has there been such an orgy of superlatives since the demonstration in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on the occasion of President Eliot's ninetieth birthday.

But when the guest of honor, for whom this symphony of appreciation had been arranged, was called upon to read a few verses from his current success and greatest poem, transfixed with terror by so vast an assemblage, Robinson sought refuge behind an enormous bunch of roses, and Mrs. August Belmont, more accustomed to such affairs, was obliged to act as understudy.

But for all his self-consecration to his art, which is the most dominant of Robinson's characteristics, there is in him friendliness and loyalty as enduring as the New England hills whence he derives. Behind the interpreter of cosmic and abiding values is the human being with a warm sympathy for human failings and a profound understanding of human and fallible genius.

Compromise in California

(Continued from Page 662)

With this as the sole alternative to an admission that California justice erred in the convictions, the pardon-working organizations are naturally not without hope despite the flaws in the two key witnesses' repudiations. But as more recent inner confidences surrounding the hearings have disclosed, it is not the sole alternative.

It is still within the power of the court to recommend "informally" not a pardon for Billings with its implied admission of a judicial wrong, but a commutation of sentence without parole restrictions. This, on the pardon board's recommendations, the Governor could also grant to Mooney. If it were accompanied by a retraction of the long agitated "frame up" charges against the San Francisco police and District Attorney's staff of 1916, it might be, as California's practical politicians see it, the easiest way out of the Mooney-Billings embarrassment.

While guesses as to what a supreme court may do while conducting an "informal" retrial in its unique capacity of a committee on clemency mean little, the fact that Billings' attorney, Edwin MacKenzie, has already retracted the "frame up" charges publicly and officially is taken by those "in the know" as having an occult significance. As one wit at the hearings put it last week: "It's the guide-post for the rats who want to leave the sinking ship."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of August 23, 1950

Parliament voted Monday night to postpone until 1960 further consideration of the project to build a submarine tunnel connecting Britain with the Continent.

"I predict," said Professor Colfax of the Institute of Social Sciences, "that the checkers fad now sweeping the country will completely disappear just as the mah jong fad of the 'Twenties and the backgammon fad of the 'Thirties disappeared."

After listening to an address by the president of the National Patriots' League, a mob of about 3,000 attacked the Children's Fresh Air Camp maintained at Long Lake, Pa., by the Friends-of-the-Soviet Society. The occupants of the camp—twenty-six children and four train d nurses—were rescued from the fury of the mob by State Troopers; but all the camp buildings and equipment were burned.

Dollars for Votes

(Continued from Page 646)

tures, by comparison, are not nearly so lavish. Michigan has about a million voters, and if we take Newberry's figures, he spent twenty cents apiece to enlighten the voters of his state. Candidates for the British House of Commons spend much more than this on the average.

Both the federal Government and the states have various statutes covering campaign funds. In 1910, Congress passed its first law dealing with the publicity of contributions made to influence elections at which representatives in Congress are to be elected. The law laid down that every person, firm, association or committee, except the political committees, that spend fifty dollars or more to influence in two or more states the results of such legislation, "must file statements with the Clerk of the House of Representatives." Political committees similarly must file an itemized statement within thirty days of the election showing the names, addresses of all contributors, and the sums given, together with the total disbursements. A year later, Congress amended the 1910 law by extending its provisions to cover candidates for nomination and election to the officers of senator and representative, and by limiting the amount of campaign expenses. Representatives were to be limited to an expenditure of $5,000, and senators to $10,000, but candidates for both offices were prohibited from spending amounts in excess of those allowed them under the state laws.

The Newberry case effected an important change in the federal publicity law relating to primaries. Mr. Newberry was convicted by the Federal District Court at Grand Rapids of violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, the Supreme Court of the United States, on an appeal, handed down on May 2, 1921, a decision which reversed that of the lower court. The majority opinion was written by Justice McReynolds. He attacked the validity of Section 8 of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of June 25, 1910, as amended on August 19, 1911, under which a senator or a representative is limited as to the amount of money which he can spend in procuring his nomination and elec-

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tion. The effect of this decision was to render invalid that part of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act which governs the nomination of senators, and weakened the force of the Corrupt Practices Act.

Most of the corrupt practices acts on the various state statute books have provisions prohibiting contributions from corporations, and nearly all carry provisions against bribery. A keen observer of both state and national politics, Congressman Robert Luce summarizes the situation when he points out that most corrupt practice legislation is a good deal of a farce. "The trouble is," he says, "that these laws embarrass the honest man, who is not the man we want to hit; and do not embarrass the lawless man, who is the man we are after."

A national election costs the American people about $20,000,000 if we accept an estimate made by Professor Charles E. Merriam. Compare this with the $4,000,000,000 or more that the federal government spends annually, and the cost of the quadrennial election is but a drop in the bucket. State and other elections add considerably to the election bill of the American people. Compared with the expenditures of states, cities and municipalities, their relative cost is probably no greater. Whereas the burden of government falls on every tax payer, the financing of American politics is the privilege of a comparatively few persons. The evil is not so much the expenditures themselves, as the source from which the contributions come.

TO JUDGE from the generous support they give universities, schools and colleges, the American people set as much store upon education as the people of any other land, yet so far they have failed to realize that it is the primary or election campaign that gives the American voter most of his political education. It is in these periods that the great issues of the day are debated, policies weighed and analyzed, and the stewards of the people render their accounting. Granted that it cost the sum of $300,000 to educate the voters of Illinois on the issue of the World Court, or about $9,000,000, the total disbursements of the Democratic and Republican national committees in the 1928 election, to bring the national issues of the hour before the voters of America. In either case the educational cost is but a few cents per voter, what he would pay for his daily newspaper for less than a week.

The country is growing larger, and election districts more populous. The cost of a campaign is sure to increase rather than diminish. If few but the rich, or those with outside backing, are now able to seek elective office, the number hereafter will be still fewer. Nor is it altogether clear that it is in the national interest that public office be confined to this small group.

With such conditions as these, each election year will probably witness a new slush fund inquiry. Truman A. Newberry was debarred from a seat in the Senate because he spent in his campaign $195,000, and the time may well come when the Senate will congratulate Mr. Newberry for having paid out so little and ask him how he was able to do it. Debarred from the Senate because he spent $785,000, William S. Vare may yet be held a piker. Where fortunes are lavished in a single contest, the poor man will give politics a wide berth. The remedy lies in our recognizing the fact that elections and the primaries are instruments for the political education of the American people, that they are as essentially a part of the governing process as the making of laws, or the administration of the executive departments, and that the expense should be borne by the people, not by a small group of individuals. Once this principle is recognized, it should be easy enough to work out the details. Until then the market price for many a Senate seat will be a quarter of a million dollars or more.

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 670)

"This fellow is good!" Our shout aroused the Editor from his afternoon nap. He came to the door. "What's this?" he growled in his morose way. "Can't have this, you know." We explained. He glanced at the book. "Why, for heaven's sake, man!" he exclaimed. "It's your own book!" We looked at it. "By Walter R. Brooks," it said. It was indeed a book for children[1] that we had dashed off one lunch hour and forgotten all about. ♣ ♣ ♣ But it's darn good, at that. We never change our decision, once we have rendered it. ♣ ♣ ♣ The tide of crime is rising about us; a great wave of thrillers has all but engulfed our desk and is toppling above us, aflame with lurid jackets, awhisper with the rustle of creeping horrors, abang with pistols and shotguns and heavy blunt instruments. And so to keep from being entirely submerged we have fished out an armful of the most likely gooseflesh producers and have reviewed them for your guidance. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Lion and the Lamb*[2] is E. Phillips Oppenheim's new one, through which you may pursue the adventures of David, Lord Newberry, who was betrayed by the toadlike Tottie Green and his gang, and went out for revenge without benefit of police. Complicating the plot are the languorous Belle, the lively Sophy, the lizardy Reuben and the lewd and lumpy Lem, not to forget that magnificent gem, the Virgin's Tear. This is a good one. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Terror*[3] is rightly named. It concerns a high-born gel who waded through the blood of the French Revolution into the arms of Mr. Bill, an American who was farsighted enough to be able to use twentieth century slang in the eighteenth century, a feat which no recent thriller can match. Quite a lot of blood in this book, and while we ordinarily like blood in shockers, there's something about the introduction of blood for its own sake that shocks us unpleasantly. Nor did we quite like or believe in the lack of emotion with which Elise, in her early teens, saw brutal murders committed. ♣ ♣ ♣ A golfing thriller is *The Silver King Mystery*[4], in which somebody knocked Gerald Stamford's Aunt Amelia cold with a golf ball as she was practicing approach shots on the King's Club links. Gerald was playing with a friend at the time, and so were Colin Graham and Admiral Sir Charlton Lamb, an irascible old gent who rather regarded the links as his quarterdeck. Then there's Auntie's butler, who's not what he seems, and there's Mona, the mysterious artist, and Betty Scott, whose terrifying experience furnishes the climax ♣ ♣ ♣ Mr. J. J. Connington can always be counted on for a hit, even if he doesn't always score a home run, and *The Two Ticket Puzzle*[5] is an item recommended by this dept. The question before the board is: who slaughtered Mr. Preston in a first class compartment of the 10:35, and why? Mrs. P. and Dr. Selby-Onslow were pretty friendly, and the latter was on the train. It looks pretty dark for the Doc until Superintendent Ross begins to wonder who killed Farmer Chepstow's prize ram, and why two kinds of bullets were used on Mr. P., and why the murderer wore reading glasses. Very satisfactory. ♣ ♣ ♣ Who blew a hole in William Marston's head? This is the question that will occupy you if you read *The Marston Murder Case*[6], and supplementary questions will turn up from time to time. All very satisfactorily answered by Inspector Burke, in a good average thriller. And there's love, too, for those who want it with their murder.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. More To and Again: Knopf, $2.00.
2. Little Brown, $2.00.
3. By M. J. Reynolds: Macmillan, $2.00.
4. By Ian Grieg: Holt, $2.00.
5. Little Brown, $2.00
6. By William Averill Stowell: Appleton, $2.00.

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With Our Readers

"Keeping the Record Straight"

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Biloxi, Miss.*

SIR—Suffer me to congratulate you upon the devastating reply that you made to your critics in your issue of July 30. I felt sure that it could be done and wondered at your restraint up to that point. I suppose that your tactics, which are shrewd, were to allow enough of the blind jackasses to publicly commit themselves before springing the mine. Unfortunately, no amount of carnage has any effect upon fanaticism. It cheerfully wades "through a slaughter house into an open grave," to again quote Marse Henry.

Your Canadian correspondent makes a point of supreme importance, in the same number of the Outlook; and it is one upon which I have myself been insisting for some time. The whole emphasis of the Scriptures is upon resisting evil, temptation, not upon destroying it. Otherwise there is no merit at all in upright conduct. The Deity has promised to attend to the destruction of temptation and the tempter in his own good time. The prevailing fanaticism is very largely due to the fact that Protestantism, in its organized form, has adopted prohibition as an article of faith. I have no criticism at all for the fanaticism of such persons as have suffered from the effects of intemperance. They have a perfect right to cry out as loudly as they may wish.

In this state we had a reasonably satisfactory condition under local option, and I hope to see that legal right restored, now that it seems certain that the federal government would be glad to efficiently protect the borders of dry states, which it did not formerly do. I am myself a practical prohibitionist, upon grounds that I doubt of your thoroughly understanding and which you would perhaps reject. But I have never been a Constitutional prohibitionist; and, though it may have been technically adopted, I have never believed that the Eighteenth Amendment would have been adopted under circumstances manifestly intended for such action or that the American electorate would have confirmed such action.

While I am about it, I will say that I have enjoyed immensely the debunking of conspicuous figures by contributors to the Outlook, but it seemed to me that the attempt upon Professor Babbitt was a blowout. Until the concluding paragraphs of that performance were reached, one wondered how such a person could possibly be a member of Harvard's faculty or any other. I do not pretend to understand Humanism, though I have been impressed, in reading Professor Babbitt, that he is a gentleman in the high sense of that term for he seems to be free from the discourtesy in discussion which characterizes modern essayists to a large extent. Though I suppose that he disagrees with them quite as much as one could, he treats conservatives with respect.

The Outlook constantly grows more interesting in your skilful and fearless hands.

J. D. BARBEE.

Ford of Literature

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Moberly, Mo.*

SIR—In common with other readers, I enjoy the tolerant atmosphere of your pages, but this atmosphere was not maintained in the singular article by Louis Adamic on E. Haldeman-Julius, the Ford of literature. It is very well, of course, to deride the "sloppy" work of such inept Socialists as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Upton Sinclair, Michael Gold, Scott Nearing, et al. This is only a matter of opinion, in which Mr. Adamic sets himself against the majority. As another correspondent observed, the literary standard of Socialist and radical papers and magazines is invariably several notches higher than that of the periodicals which must truckle to low tastes and the "small and sickly eyes" of the tabloid readers. But when Mr. Adamic complains of the low prices Mr. Haldeman-Julius pays his authors for books which he must print, advertise and distribute for five cents each, he is imbued with piteous poignancy, for Mr. Adamic was, in sooth, a comparatively unknown young California writer when Mr. Haldeman-Julius undertook to make his name known. I venture the assertion that Mr. Adamic, if he now commands more than "sweat shop prices," owes a great deal of his success to the start given him by Mr. Haldeman-Julius.

Observations drawn from the wells of personal experience are always the most dogmatic, hence we may forgive a little emphasis and exaggeration on Mr. Adamic's part. But very few—even conservatives—have ever characterized that noble modern martyr, Eugene V. Debs, as "frothing at the mouth." How these lean and bitter young radicals wax mellow in the warm sun of prosperity! Not even a war or an economic crisis is necessary to wean them away from their pristine belligerency!

JACK CONROY.

Mr. Adamic Replies

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—You printed several of your readers' comments upon my article about E. Haldeman-Julius in the June 25 issue. Some of the most absurd ones were those quarreling with my title, "Voltaire from Kansas," by which, of course, I meant to imply only that the man himself considers himself a Voltaire.

As to Joseph McCabe's letter, in which he labels E. Haldeman-Julius a "generous publisher," I want to say that I personally know six people who used to write for Haldeman-Julius, each of whom has a tale to tell that is not exactly flattering to the editor of Little Blue Books. I have a letter from Upton Sinclair in which he characterizes Haldeman-Julius's treatment of a certain writer as "a shame." I have a letter written by Frank Harris to his wife, who was then in the United States, urging her to go after Haldeman-Julius, whom he calls unquotable names for the treatment he has suffered at his hands as a writer.

LOUIS ADAMIC.

Why Mooney Stays in Jail

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR—Concerning the Mooney-Billings case all the people of California desire is the truth, and those who have carefully and honestly followed the testimony of these men and their witnesses, and the state's witnesses are convinced that the Supreme Court of the state (composed of men of the highest type, such as Judge Waste) was justified in its recent decision that nothing was produced at the late investigation to warrant any change in the verdicts rendered by the juries that convicted the men fourteen years ago.

Those who do not hold to this are either biased by their radicalism or misled by a yellow press. The state of California has given these men every possible chance to prove their innocence and it can't be done at present. Another hearing is being held and in a few days the Supreme Court will render another decision. We who are following the testimony as it is given cannot but believe that that decision will not alter the status of these men who must continue to expiate their crime by which ten innocent people were killed and forty or more injured and maimed.

BERTHA D. WOOLLEY.

Nebraska's Laureate

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lincoln, Neb.*

SIR—I read with pleasure your very interesting article of August 6th on "poet" Edgar Guest by John Bakeless.

In speaking of the attempt to make Guest poet laureate of Michigan, Mr. Bakeless says "by April it looked as if Michigan were destined to be the only state in the union with an official laureate all its own."

I merely rise to call attention to the fact that Nebraska has a poet laureate in John G. Neihardt. Even state legislatures may accidentally choose a real poet to be laureate. I submit our John G. Neihardt as evidence.

W. T. DAVIS.

Bold Bad Men

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Harbor Springs, Mich.*

SIR—It seems to me the Outlook editors are about the bravest "bad men" that ever sanded a tympan-sheet. What next?—and how can you be rude to our Guest? I dare not read it to my best friends—they'll all say "sour grapes to you." I hope you saw Robert Wenley's page on Guest as laureate—which the Monroe *Poetry* used and I supplied anonymously. It was a corker. But if you know that Governor Grosbeck was known as "King" in Michigan at the time, you might forgive him for a straw reason for vetoing Eddy's aspirations after the *Free Press* had crowed "Honored by the Solons!" He may be yet!

IVAN SWIFT.

Mr. Bakeless Must Be Getting Pretty Tired of This Sort of Thing

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Toronto, Ontario*

SIR—Although I have only been a subscriber to your magazine since April, I am heartily sick of the type of stuff that you publish. Your latest article by John Bakeless on Edgar A. Guest is the last straw in a bunch of muck-raking articles. I think his name should be Halfbaked instead. What good it does to publish stuff like that I do not know.

ELMER H. FAIRTY.

Poets' Corner

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Newark, N. Y.*

SIR—

Each week you seem to have a joyous time
"With Our Readers" and the notions they evolve.
Some treat you well; some cover you with slime
For printing answers to the problems which you solve.

The prohibition problem's all the go.
You offered a solution—yes, but hark!
You're a "Nullificationist," you know.
Your answer irritates the Sage of Keuka Park.

He went breathless in The Outlook, August 6;
Invoked the "shades" of Lyman Abbott; yes,
He's sure the country's in an awful fix
Chiefly because it disagrees with him, I guess.

Yet, Reverend Griffin, why not let us think
Our thoughts with neither prejudice, nor hate?
You're welcome to your notions about drink.
We don't impugn your motives; please reciprocate.

CALVIN P. H. VARY.

Our Boys Never Drank

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Cincinnati*

SIR—In the article "Prohibition, Born of War," in your issue of August 6, 1930 I find no mention made of the strict enforcement of prohibition in the Army and Navy during the World War. This exerted more influence than perhaps any other in bringing about so rapidly and so unanimously the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

It was quite natural to conclude that if the Army and Navy could perform the tremendous task that confronted them, without the use of intoxicating liquors, it was not asking too much that the stay at homes might be expected to do likewise.

W. S. WALKER.

Man's Innate Gallantry

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Westport, N. Y.*

SIR—I have just completed perusal of "Carrie Nation," by Herbert Asbury, an unbiased account of the life of this crusader. In the author's introduction, he says:

"There was nothing obscure or mysterious about the development of Carrie Nation's character and her transformation from a commonplace young woman of unusual meekness and self-effacement into the most industrious meddler and busy-body that even the Middle West, hotbed of the bizarre and the fanatical, has ever produced. She followed the well-beaten trail of mental instability and extravagant religious zeal, and she was urged onward, and from her own point of view upward,

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SMALL APARTMENT. Washington Square section, New York City. Remodeled house home of clergyman—2 rooms, bath, fireplace—attractively furnished. Lease one year $85 per month, two years $80. Unfurnished two years $75 month. Overlooks large garden. Use of garden available to tenant. Tea room on garden. 1403 Outlook and Independent.

Board

TRAINED NURSE offers three children excellent country home—seashore and drives. Children are happy and loved. Successful with difficult, unruly and retarded children. References. 1397 Outlook and Independent.

Board

HOMELIKE accommodations for one or two elderly persons, not bedridden but difficult to care for at home. Resident medical and nursing care. Exceptional cuisine. $85 month. SANITARIUM, Cranbury, Middlesex County, N. J. Telephone 395. Bus direct from New York and Philadelphia.

AN EXPERIENCED attendant in her own Vermont home desires a patient to care for. 1369 Outlook and Independent.

Help Wanted

WANTED—Protestant Practical Nurse Companion for two little girls going to school. Someone who likes out of door life, can drive a car, supervise lessons, understands strict management of children, likes the country. Four hours from Baltimore. Reply in own handwriting stating age, experiences and references. 9532 Outlook and Independent.

POSITIONS on ocean liners: Experience unnecessary: Good pay. List of positions free. 292-X, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

WANTED on September 1st. woman of high character, responsible, pleasant, refined, capable, as working-housekeeper in family of four. New York suburb. Must be sympathetic and wise in care of eight-year-old school girl. An older girl and parents (teachers) are away from home during the day. A comfortable home, considerate treatment and right wages will be given to the right woman. Laundress employed and extra help by the day when required. Would consider woman with child of school age. Reply to 9530 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

COMPANIONABLE Canadian would like to hear from interesting man or woman of middle age requiring combination of business and household, or travelling assistance. Invalid, housekeeping, business experience. Licensed driver. Highest credentials. Unusual replies solicited. Sense of humor essential. 9528 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

POSITION as companion to elderly lady. Town or country. Excellent references. 9529 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE woman of experience wants position of responsibility in home, school or institution. References exchanged. 9531 Outlook and Independent.

Graphologist

GRAPHOLOGY a sensible method of self-appraisal. Very helpful. Send handwriting. Analysis $1.00. Miss Florence Lyon, Box 286, Quincy, Mass.

Schools

THE TALBOT SCHOOL

All year school—children 5 to 10 years. Home atmosphere, best mental, physical and moral care under experienced teachers. *Classes held out doors in Fall and Spring* References and terms on request. Mrs. Joseph B. Seth, Principal, Easton, Talbot County, Maryland.

Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN—Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room CM-5843, Washington, D. C.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

by a deep-rooted persecution mania and a highly developed scapegoat complex. Like other fervent religionists whose enthusiasms and cravings for eternal glory have been translated into action, she believed herself to be a confidante of the Lord, and to possess a thorough knowledge of his plans and purposes."

Carrie had, though, to contend with those who sought to rival her, those who emulated her, and those even among the W.C.T.U. who differed from her. Her rivals, however, were not paranoiacs but those possessed of hysterical enthusiasm similar to that of Scott McBride when he asserted that the Anti-Saloon League was born of God.

The fact that Carrie Nation escaped a violent end, is the greatest tribute I have ever known to the innate gallantry of man, especially when it is kept in mind that the territory in which she did her "hatchetation" was a rough one in every particular. However, the book will give any reader interested in the psychology of the drys the opportunity to penetrate into their minds and discover the cause of their obtuse, stubborn attitude toward prohibition even when it is apparent to the observant that it is a lost cause.

CHAS J. DEV. KEEFE.

No Good for Snake Bite

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *North Attleboro, Mass.*

SIR—I wonder if Mr. J. W. Emerson's article, "Antisaccharites—and Others," in your issue of July 2nd indicates that he is only hanging onto an old notion which may look to up-to-date scientists just as foolish as Antisaccharism does to him? He refers continually to alcohol as a stimulant, for centuries the popular idea, but now apparently disputed by men of the highest standing in the scientific world.

It must be as much as fifty years ago that Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, knighted for his accomplishments in the medical profession, stated that in every case known to the medical profession there was something better to use than alcohol as his experience had demonstrated it was not the helpful stimulant it had formerly been considered.

His statement was revolutionary at that time, and apparently the old notion is still popular, but I recently read quotations of statements made by Dr. Richard Cabot, of the Harvard Medical School, indicating only those who have not kept pace with medical progress now consider alcohol a stimulant. He stated it is not a stimulant, but a narcotic, and known as such to all intelligent physicians, and a sure sign of obsolete practice to prescribe it. He stated that alcohol is now used in hospitals in much reduced quantities, not because it is more difficult to obtain, but because leading doctors know it is a heart stiller and not a heart helper, as was formerly supposed. Special reference was made to the bad effects of alcohol in pneumonia cases for which it had formerly been commonly used.

Along the same line are statements made by a Brazilian doctor who has studied snake poisons and their antidotes very extensively. He states in an article, which I think was published in the *Scientific American*, that alcohol formerly given in large quantities in a case of snake bite, is a positive hindrance and those who in earlier days used it and gave it credit for their recovery would have recovered anyway and with less ill effects.

JOHN E. WINTER.

Blame It On Prohibition

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Wilkesbarre, Pa.*

SIR—You have so consistently searched out every thing that has happened in the United States for the past ten years and laid the blame for it at the door of the Eighteenth Amendment that I am wondering why you are not dragging in the present nation wide drought and accusing the Volstead law of bringing it about. It would be just as unreasonable to blame the widespread drought to the Eighteenth Amendment as it is to accuse it of bringing about the crime wave, unemployment, etc.

THOMAS M. STREET.

Soggy?

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Scottdale, Pa.*

SIR—I do not care to have your wet sheet coming into my home. If you used as much propaganda to make this country of ours dry as you do to make it wet, the problem would be easily solved. Outside of your wetness, you have a good magazine. I can stand a little bit of moisture, but, no thank you, not anything as dripping wet as the Outlook and Independent.

KATHRYN V. JONES.

Silver Lining

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Banning, Calif.*

SIR—Amid the fires of this furnace of intemperance I think I see a jewel fusing into utilitarian beauty. Millions of good folk are learning the fine arts of brewing and fermenting. Pale, lambent beers. Wines aglow with all the graces. I say we need no longer to cudgel our wits how to banish hard liquor. Why, our own Los Angeles has brought forth a half-million jolly brewers and tranquil vintners. In all of which a philosophic wet sees more than a little to be thankful for. If we Americans can relax enough to putter with clearing ale and sit contemplative over a singing cask, the prophesied crack-up of our national life will have been set back a millennium.

TOM HUGHES.

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